JOHN BULL, April 3rd, 1915.

"Everywoman's Weekly"—Great Millinery Number Out Today!

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 461 | SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1915. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 085416

For meaning of this No. see Page ii. of cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Guaranteed Circulation over One Million Copies Weekly.

BRITISH MUSEUM

OUR STUPENDOUS FREE INSURANCE (See page 26.) If you desire to avoid the necessity of filling up this weekly coupon you may sign the Newsagent's Order Form on page 26, and forward the duplicate to us and you will be *permanently insured* during such period as this Insurance scheme remains in force

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form on page 26, fill in this form and carefully retain it in the event of a claim it must be forwarded to the Editor of "John Bull" within seven days of the date of the accident.

GREAT WAR INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified on page 26.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

Last next Birthday.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed by any cause within the British Isles, or of my Home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme of "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, April 7, and all other parts of the British Isles till 8 a.m. Thursday, April 8.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done

The following have sent in correct claims:—
FRANK WILKINSON, 1, Lever Street, King Street, Stockport. 255,112. February 13th.
E. C. TOWNSEND, 21, Harding Street, Darlington. 306,688. February 20th.
G. E. HANCE, 58, Hunter Road, Romford. 734,154. February 27th.
EDWARD CLIFTON, 38, Alexander Street, Old Kent Road, S.E. 325,045. February 20th.
M. MARTIN, 19, Watson Street, Fallon. 250,813. February 20th.
A. WEST, Strand Boot Stores, Dawlish. 618,90. February 20th.
H. W. COMMACK, 15, Goldney Road, Paddington, W. 279,493. February 13th.
ANDREW EDMONSTONE, 38, David St., Kirkcaldy. 505,074. Mar. 6th.
JOHN PINSENT, 66, Burleys Lane, Leicester. February 27th. 802,444.
T. WILLIAMS, 95, Ward Road, Mardy, Glam. March 6th. 170,220.
FRANK TAYLOR, 1, Manchester Street, Cheltenham. March 6th. 517,693

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of March 27th:—

00,655	190138	421296	b90253	8036 1
021483	195498	446306	605933	8177.8
057456	218714	466748	636249	833411
069704	220050	477811	659416	879964
090650	269820	505649	687615	904632
111618	278121	514658	693201	955421
118985	307309	531974	700725	A000936
141144	328755	[illegible]	729409	A008341
167774	359877	560560	772922	A037054
176618	377273	575.97	781430	A035732

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million
The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issued (published April 7th).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

by sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull" Long Acre, London, W.C. April 3rd 1915.

Nib—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium or Broad Nib

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

1. We have adopted the following rules for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, Football Contest No. 29, and send to reach us not later than Friday, April 9th.

3. The sum of £1,500 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the "Sporting Life," of all the matches given played to a finish on April 10. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £250 will be paid to the sender of a coupon with one error only. In the unlikely event of neither the £1,500 nor the £250 being won, £1.0 will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, whatever the number.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie in this Competition, the £1,500, the £250, or the £100 will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

8. Scottish readers may enter.

CONTEST CLOSES FRIDAY, APRIL 9th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Liverpool v. Manchester City
			Bradford v. Aston Villa
			Oldham A. v. Sheffield U.
			Manchester U. v. Middlesbrough
			Bolton Wand. v. Newcastle U.
			Notts County v. Burnley
			Sunderland v. Bradford City
			West Bromwich A. v. Everton
			Stockport City v. Barnsley
			Clapton Orient v. Preston N.E.

H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Arsenal v. Bury
			Lincoln City v. Huddersfield T.
			Southend United v. Crystal Palace
			Queen's Park R. v. Swindon
			Millwall A. v. Portsmouth
			Bristol Rovers v. Luton Town
			Croydon Com on v. Exeter City
			Reading v. Cardiff City
			Southampton v Brighton and H.A.
			Plymouth A. v. West Ham U

FIRST READ THIS.

If you predict the "Home" Team will win, put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win, put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column.

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, April 10.

HOME.	AWAY.	DRAW.	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Liverpool	v.	Manchester C.
			Bradford	v.	Aston Villa
			Oldham A.	v.	Sheffield U.
			Manchester U.	v.	Middlesbrough
			Bolton W.	v.	Newcastle U.
			Notts C.	v.	Burnley
			Sunderland	v.	Bradford C.
			W. Bromwich A.	v.	Everton
			Stockport C.	v.	Barnsley
			Clapton O.	v.	Preston N.E.
			Arsenal	v.	Bury
			Lincoln C.	v.	Huddersfield T.
			Southend U.	v.	Crystal P.
			Queen's Park R.	v.	Swindon
			Millwall A.	v.	Portsmouth
			Bristol R.	v.	Luton T.
			Croydon C.	v.	Exeter C.
			Reading	v.	Cardiff C.
			Southampton	v.	Brighton and H.A.
			Plymouth A.	v.	West Ham U.

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding

.....

Address .....

.....

20 Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 461. Week ending Saturday, April 3rd, 1915. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters. All communications should be addressed to 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copy of "JOHN BULL" for March 27th, 1915, bearing on its Cover the Number 915,462.

Any person possessing this copy should apply to
THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

To Scotland.

We are now off for a week's campaign in Scotland, which we hope we shall find standing where she did. It is difficult recruiting ground, in all the circumstances, to break; but we are hopeful of good results. *En route*, we take Southport.

Very Much "Abroad."

Elsewhere we deal with the remarkable sermon recently preached by Dr. Lyttelton, Head Master of Eton, on the subject of Peace with Germany. If ever a schoolmaster was "abroad," this reverend pedagogue certainly is. He could not have chosen a less propitious moment for his diatribe.

The "Business Government Handbook."

We are now preparing this little volume—which, we venture to think, everybody will want as soon as the war is over. Nothing is more certain than that the Business Government League will then appeal to the public—who have had such an illuminating object-lesson in the futility of Party Politics.

"A Gentleman and His Son."

Such was the Official Receiver's cryptic description of the racehorse owners for whom Mr. Richard Marsh—with whose financial troubles every sportsman will sympathise—had been training. We are sure it must be a great satisfaction to his present Majesty to be officially assured that he is the son of a gentleman.

A Derby "Sweep."

What about a little Derby "sweep" for prizes provided by sportsmen, for the exclusive benefit of the wounded soldiers now at the Epsom Stand? We will see how the idea commends itself to some of the leading "bookies"—whose purses are always open for deserving objects.

"This Desirable Lot."

Whenever we hear that patriotic Britons have offered to place their country houses at the disposal of the authorities for use as hospitals and convalescent homes for our wounded soldiers and sailors, we marvel that the powers that be have not "commandeered" that splendid up-to-date institution at Hitchin known as the German Hospital Convalescent Home. The property of Germans, it is ministering to the comforts of Teutonic invalids from the various concentration camps, or, rather, *was*, for we learn that it is now closed. Here is a chance of securing a hospital ready made, *commanding a magnificent view of the country and the Great Northern main line*—no doubt, by a mere coincidence.

"The King and the Kaiser."

We are sure the public will be indignant to learn that, despite all rumours to the contrary, the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Wurtemburg, Prince Henry of Prussia, and the Grand Duke of Hesse are still members of the "Most Noble Order of the Garter," and that their banners are hanging in St. George's Chapel—whilst special prayers for them, as knights of the Order, are offered up at all the services. What *are* the King's advisers doing?

"Aniline *Dies*."

So the clumsy Government scheme has collapsed—the Yorkshire manufacturers having no faith in any project which does not imply protection against German dumping when the war is over. The result is that a great industry, essential to the cloth trade of the country, and which could have been captured from the enemy, is sacrificed to economic shibboleth. However, we are making *some* progress, and things will soon improve.

A Suicides' Battalion.

A correspondent suggests that, as there are a number of people genuinely desirous of committing the "happy dispatch," it might be a good thing were Lord Kitchener to sanction the formation of a Suicides' Battalion, exempt from medical examination and from age limit—and let them go to the Front and turn their suicidal tendencies to national advantage.

The Newspaper Boom.

As we predicted, the war has produced a veritable newspaper boom. The *Sunday Pictorial*, the *Sunday Herald*, the *Echo*, *Everywoman's Weekly*, and the *Passing Show* are the principal new arrivals to date. But what about JOHN BULL as a daily?

No General Election—

This year. Take that from us.

Another Great "Bullets" Prize offer—increase in prizes.

Never Too Young to Learn.

The *People's Journal*, of Dundee, rather reminds us of a man who sits by the river's brim and steals the clothes of the bathers; in this case the *People's Journal* steals our clothes and gives them away to Mr. William Young, M.P., who attires himself in them without a blush, neither knowing nor caring whether they fit or not. "Mr. William Young, M.P. for East Perthshire," says our contemporary, introducing an article entitled "Protect Your Pockets," "was the first to voice in the House of Commons during the present war the application of up-to-date Business methods in Government Departments." We are glad to be able to assume from this that Mr. Young is an assiduous customer of JOHN BULL. The reader who calls our attention to the article says, "It is remarkable how the writer, Mr. Young, endeavours to attach the credit of the Business Government idea to anybody except to the man who, year in and year out, in Parliament and out of it, has been advocating its necessity and practicability." We are not jealous, however. There will be room in the Business Government for many and varied talents; and if Mr. Young, M.P., will do everything possible to perfect his understanding we will see whether, when we form our Ministry, we cannot find him a post.

A Husky Hint.

The average condition of the new recruits has rather knocked the shine off the various theories of "physical deterioration" formerly propounded for the warning and edification of a stiff-necked generation. But despite the daily exhibition of our finest thews and sinews, a section of the alarmists remain unconvinced. In a recent letter to the Press, a medical man returns to the attack, declaring that "to the observant, signs are not wanting indicative of a steady physical deterioration among the younger generations of the peasantry in purely agricultural districts"—and this unhappy state of affairs is traceable, not to beer, lollypops, cigarettes, or cinema entertainments, but to the universal vogue of roller-milled flour! To this single cause he attributes decayed teeth, defective eyesight, enlarged tonsils, spindle-legs, pasty faces, adenoids and most other ills to which rural flesh is heir. The point is, of course, that flour should retain the husks of the wheat or, as our friend eloquently puts it, "the grain, the whole grain, and nothing but the grain." Other doctors please contradict.

A Welsh Cleric's Credo.

This is precisely what the Rev. W. E. Lewis, Curate of St. David's, Ton Pentre, in the Rhondda Valley, will tell you. A few days ago, he entered into a discussion at a meeting of the Pentre and District Chamber of Trade on a motion to eliminate Party politics in local elections. "I strongly believe in the JOHN BULL doctrine of 'Business Government,'" he said. "Why cannot we have a Business Government for the Rhondda? It is not in the interests of the community that we should be governed by Party politicians. What we want is business men to govern us in a business-like way." Naturally, we can put our hand on our heart and say "Amen," at least three times, to that aspiration.

Woman and War.

If there is one thing the soldier hates more than another when he is at all able to look after himself, it is being "mothered." At Lymington a squad of convalescent soldiers are marched out for exercise by a Red Cross nurse. Needless to say, the locals laugh at the spectacle, and "pass remarks." Surely, if it is necessary these men should take exercise in this way, one of their own number might be placed in charge.

'Appy Aberdeen.

There cannot be much distress in Aberdeen arising from the war. At any rate, that is the conclusion we come to on reading the report of a recent meeting of the Finance Committee of the Town Council. It is stated that the amount subscribed by Aberdonians to date to the Prince of Wales' National Relief Fund is £26,000, and that of this only about £1,000 has been distributed in relief. Presumably everybody is satisfied. There can be no cases of acute distress; no wives of soldiers or sailors struggling to keep their homes together and make both ends meet; no cases of ruined professional men on the verge of respectable starvation—else greater inroads would have been made into the £26,000. We hope our conclusion is the right one. What puzzles us greatly, however, is that it cost about £240 to administer £1,000 of relief—that is to say, it cost 4s. 9½d. to hand out each £1. Considering that the cost of administration falls upon the ratepayers, we think they are entitled to inquire why this is. On the face of it, it does not speak very highly for the business abilities of the local Distress Committee, if that is the name under which it goes. If it cost 4s. 9½d. to distribute each £1 of our War Relief Fund, we should come to the conclusion that charity organisation was not our forte.

A Painful Case.

Absence from duty without leave is a grave military offence, but in the case of Henry Olden, a driver in the Royal Field Artillery, recently charged at the West London Police Court, there were extenuating circumstances of a pathetic kind. When invited by a sergeant of police to explain the cause of his absence, the soldier simply pointed to a coffin containing the body of his dead child. The funeral had been arranged for the next day, but the father was detained in custody. "I should have thought," said the Magistrate afterwards, "that you could have left it till to-morrow. I shall take the responsibility of remanding the accused so that he may attend his child's funeral." It is said that the poor fellow arrived at the graveside just in time for the last rites, and by now perhaps the military authorities have found a punishment to fit the crime. The case seems to be one in which humanity might have tempered discipline. Such episodes are no help to recruiting.

Army Sweating.

There is a great deal of dissatisfaction among the Temporary Clerks, recruited by the War Office since the outbreak of war; and if the conditions prevailing at one Army Pay depot are typical of the whole, the men certainly appear to have solid ground of complaint. We gather that the salaries paid have already been once reduced, and that experienced clerks engaged upon responsible accountancy work are now receiving 35s. for a week of more than 70 hours. Moreover, we learn that the office in question is so situated that the clerks have to spend some 3s. a week on tram fares to and from their homes, and again to put their hands in their pockets for restaurant meals in the course of the day. We understand, further, that these pertinent considerations have been formally brought to the notice of the authorities, who should lose no time in redressing the obvious injustice of the present scale of pay.

"Wanted, a New Religion."

Latest Church news: "The Archbishop of York has appointed and admitted Lord Robert Cecil, K.C., M.P., to the office of Principal Official and Judge and Chancellor of the Consistory Court of York, and Vicar-General in Spirituals of the Archbishopric of York, in the place of Lord Parmoor, who has resigned"!

"Bullets" prizes value £1,200 to be won this week.

Similia Similibus Curantur.

The homœopathists have a theory that like cures like; wherefore two gentlemen who write us, one from Bishop's Stortford and the other from Flixton, must be homœopathists. "How would it be," exclaims the Flixton gentleman, "to send on every merchant ship leaving British ports an equal number of German prisoners for the benefit of their health? I think this would show we are prepared to treat our enemies as equals." The other scribe is more copious, but not less thoughtful. "Would it not be possible," says he, "to transfer a certain number of prisoners of war, with a suitable escort, to each outward-bound ship of too slow speed to escape German submarines, the prisoners to be kept in the rigging night and day in relays, in full uniform, so as to be clearly seen from submarines, each ship carrying them to have four large iron crosses slung over the side covered with phosphorescent material easily discernible at night; the pirates might then hesitate about torpedoing and sinking their own countrymen, especially if a German officer or two was placed on each vessel." So far as our records go, this is the longest-winded sentence composed since the Grand Old Man died, but as a clear exposition of policy it leaves nothing whatever to misunderstand. Taken together, the two letters illustrate how great minds sometimes agree on great issues. Much to our regret, we cannot authorise the Admiralty to adopt the recommendations; they have a chronic distaste for unoriginality. The Germans in battle regard it as etiquette to place women and children and old men of the Allies in the front line, so that if the enemy shoots, they must first of all make targets of this advance guard; if they do not shoot, they the more easily become a target to shoot at—so the Germans have it both ways. But we are taught to fight "like gentlemen"!

A Fool of a Rate Collector.

Beddington has a Rate Collector who seems to be a cross between a fool and a mule. A member of the London Scottish was summoned for £9 7s. 6d. while home on sick leave. He wrote explaining that as he was very ill, had a wife and two children, and was serving his country, "it was only just to expect reasonable time would be allowed for payment"—a sentiment with which we cordially agree. Nevertheless judgment was obtained against him. He then paid the rate by cheque, but omitted to add 3s. 6d. for costs, whereupon the Collector, not knowing or not realising that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, returned the cheque and applied to the Croydon Magistrates to grant distress for the whole lot, "but the Bench gave the defendant another fortnight's grace to find the money." Surely it is discreditable for any public authority to press a soldier in such circumstances. What the hearts of a Council sanctioning such proceedings are made of we know not, but their heads are made of wood.

Our Way.

Recent Government assurances have done little to allay the misgivings of the public in regard to the German treatment of British prisoners of war. The record goes to show that the baiting of defenceless men and women is a sport after his own heart, and the anxiety of those with friends or relatives interned in Germany already borders on despair. Failing adequate guarantees for the safety and well-being of British prisoners, the Government should seize a score or two of eminent Teutons resident in Great Britain, naturalised or otherwise, and hold them as hostages for the good behaviour of the German military jailers. The exalted personages we have in mind would be none the worse for a little close confinement, and we have reason to believe that the plan would work.

Brighton's Buxom "Bobbies."

We shall have to behave ourselves in Brighton now. The "force" has been augmented by a patrol of police-women. Brighton no longer will be a place where "they do such things, and they say such things," as the old song had it. Clad in neat uniform of the orthodox blue, and with rather sporty helmets, Brighton's bold brigade of buxom "bobbies" will be calculated to arouse admiration, rather than strike terror, in the hearts of the inhabitants. It will be a positive pleasure to be "moved on" by them. We shall be tempted to break all sorts of bye-laws, and ignore all sorts of regulations, for the sake of being gently "run in." And when asked whether we plead guilty or not guilty, we, of course, shall say "Guilty—anything to oblige a lady!" Since Brighton's German Spa idea fell through and since Baron von Bissing made himself scarce from Hove, the place has needed a fresh attraction. Now she has it. We shall shortly read of cheap, half-day excursions from London, to view the fleet—and the agile female members of the Brighton Police Force!

More About Tea-Wrappers.

It does not appear to us that the Government are in any hustle to legislate in respect of the tea-wrapper swindle, consecrated by the custom of the trade. For our part, in these days of high prices, we should incline to call the matter urgent. Specimens of these wrappers are continually reaching us. How much, one wonders, do some of these firms make in a year out of cardboard retailed at 3¾d. lb. and lead-covered paper retailed at 1s. 10d. lb. On several occasions we have spoken strongly of the practice of provision dealers selling lead and cardboard for tea and sugar; how much lead and cardboard for how much tea and sugar is apparently not a matter with which the law concerns itself at all. A Parliamentary Committee has, we believe, already reported on the practices, and it is intolerable that the public should continue to suffer them, especially at a time when the necessaries of life are as high as they are at present. A purchaser has as much moral right to his proper weight of tea or sugar as he has to his proper weight of bread or coal, or as he has to receive twelve pence for a shilling.

They Don't Want Much.

The Superintendent of the Bedfordshire Reformatory School, Carlton, Sharnbrook, Beds., does not hesitate to ask for what he wants. He recently advertised for an Engineer and Electrician, and announced that "applicants must be single, C. of E. religion, young, smart, and good at turnery, able to give lectures and teach drawing, look after steam boilers and electric light plant, also be a keen sportsman; salary £48 a year, plus board, lodging, and medical attendance." We are astonished at such moderation. For so munificent a salary one might have expected the Super. to demand also a knowledge of aviation, whitewashing, Greek, and the differential calculus. But would not a single young man possessed of so many useful accomplishments be of more value in the Army just now than in the seclusion of Sharnbrook? We would rather have a shilling a day, and *live*, than £48 a year, and exist.

Recruiting Up-to-Date.

According to an Ipswich correspondent, there is posted up on the cemetery gates in a large coast town in Suffolk this appeal: "A Call to Arms. Wake up! Your King and Country need you." We regret to hear that up to the present nobody has "waked up." Inhabitants of the cemetery should understand that it is now or never.

Reader wins £500 "Bullets" prize. See page iii of cover.

Injustice at Bexhill.

The Bexhill Skating Rink has furnished a wealth of innocent amusement to visitors and residents; and the recent action of the Hastings County Bench in refusing to renew its licence has excited keen resentment in the town. As far as we know, no complaint of any sort has ever been preferred against the management, except by a neighbouring property owner, who informed the Justices that the noise from the Rink had prevented the letting of her houses. This lady's uncorroborated statement seems to have been unreservedly accepted by the Bench, and as no notice of the objection had been given, the owner of the Rink was taken at a most unfair disadvantage. By the summary withdrawal of his licence he will be involved in grave financial loss, and upon the facts before us we are bound to hold that serious injustice has been perpetrated, and at the same time, the public have been deprived of a valued means of entertainment, of which troops stationed in the neighbourhood have lately made extensive use. It would be interesting to know the *real* motive of the magisterial decision.

Not Proven.

It is perhaps right that in awarding sentence a criminal court should pay some regard to a prisoner's previous convictions, though it should not be forgotten that the delinquent has already expiated his earlier offences. Moreover, as we have frequently insisted, the facts of a man's alleged criminal record should be conclusively proved and not merely accepted upon the *ipse dixit* of the police. This salutary rule is far too often honoured in the breach. Thus, at the Birkenhead Borough Police Court, when George Jackson was convicted of theft, Superintendent Jones "knew the man had a police record, though he had not got a record of the cases." This statement was obviously intended to incline the Bench towards severity and to deprive the prisoner of the clemency commonly extended to First Offenders. Assertions directed to this purpose should rest upon irrefragable evidence. If a police-officer wants to "make things hot" for the culprit, he should at least be ready with his facts.

Exorbitant Southampton.

If Southampton is not more careful, or rather more considerate, our distressing duty will be to award it an iron cross. A Gordon Highlander writes to tell us that the Tommies who are leaving Southampton for the Front are charged 4d. for a bottle of lemonade and 1d. for an orange, and trusts we "will assist to stop this robbery before the warm weather comes in"; by which time, we gather, coal will have gone down and Southampton pop will have gone up. Unfortunately our gallant friend carelessly conceals the name of the pop-and-orange financier concerned. If he sees this, his conscience may prick him—if by any chance he happen to have one. Until he is identified, this is the best we can hope in the matter.

Why?

We are asked by an indignant non-commissioned officer why there is no further promotion for the men sent home sick or wounded and transferred to the depot prior to returning to the front. Why are men with two or three months' service promoted to corporals and sergeants though they have never properly handled a rifle and cannot drill their men—in preference to others who have been in the Army for years and have passed their examinations for promotion? Why should an acting N.C.O. lose one of his stripes when he comes home sick or wounded on rejoining his depot from sick furlough? We do not know; "it passeth all understanding."

Alarming Reports.

In a recent issue the *Postal and Telegraph Record* utters a grave warning in regard to the Admiralty arrangements for coast signalling. Roundly indicting the authorities for their "disregard of the present dangers," the writer declared that "during the night, when special vigilance is necessary, and every moment is of the utmost value, telegraphic communication with the signal stations is at the mercy of Coastguardmen, the Telegraphists being withdrawn from duty at eight o'clock in the evening." This disquieting statement is coupled with an allegation of grave delay and even of gross error in the transmission of urgent communications. Assertions of this kind on the part of a well-informed Service journal obviously merit instant investigation. The writer assumes that "the safety of the Fleet must be jeopardised in order that an insignificant sum in staffing arrangements may be saved," but, for the credit of the Admiralty, we trust his conclusion is unwarranted.

No Soldiers' Wives Wanted.

It is scarcely credible that certain property owners should lately have expressed their unwillingness to let cottages to the wives of soldiers serving at the Front. Complaints upon this score reach us from a North of England town, where, although there are plenty of empty houses, there seems to be no room for the families of our fighting men. One woman declares that she has never in her life owed rent, and her rent book goes far to confirm this statement. While her husband has been "doing his bit" somewhere in France, she has trudged the streets in search of a cottage, but has so far failed to obtain decent accommodation. She is given plainly to understand that her husband's absence from home is at the root of her difficulties. Another woman was bluntly told that the landlord "did not care about letting houses to soldiers' wives." It is about time these gentry were made to do their own fighting.

Breadloaf Football.

In this world there is a lot of difference between one thing and another. The Germans in Germany, for instance, have not sufficient bread to go round; the Germans in this country are so well supplied that they play football with it in the Internment Camps. So much at least is to be gathered from the startling revelation of Sir Harold Elverston, M.P. "At one Internment Camp I visited," quoth he, "I saw 600 lbs. of bread being thrown away. Half loaves were being kicked about the floor because there was too much for the Germans to eat." If this sort of thing is going on now it seems about time for serious inquiries. We do not mind feeding our enemy, or even giving him drink when he is athirst; but it disturbs our equanimity to perceive him playing football with what Mr. Weller would call "the wittles."

The Legion of Honour.

Story hath it that Anglesey is such a sad place for the British soldier to go to that he is glad to get out of it. Certain parsons and persons of the island, male and female, appear to have persuaded the fair that Mr. Atkins is a wicked sinner, come to seek female virtue in order to assail it. The girls have therefore become members of a Chadband-*cum*-Grundy concern yclept the Legion of Honour, wherein and whereby they are pledged to hold high their heads and avert their eyes, neither speaking unto Mr. Atkins nor smiling upon him when he appears in the midst. Llangefni is a whole village of supererogatory female virtue. For a Llangefni maiden to be caught talking to a soldier marks her for the way of iniquity and the pit of destruction.

The "John Bull" pen—hundreds of thousands in use and every user delighted

BARKS AND BITES.

BY OUR BULL-DOG.

(A page of caustic notes from the pen of a well-known writer.)

Whoever tries to get justice for Britain by expulsion or arrest of German spies finds himself suddenly stopped. He discovers that an unseen and insurmountable wall exists for the protection of wealthy Germans and alien pro-Germans in Great Britain and in the Crown Colonies. Who has built that wall? There is a mystery that must be unravelled. A high official, responsible to the Executive Government for work of great importance tells me:—"I really believe that if the Hun Kaiser came over they would say that his object was quite innocent and would give him a free pass to see everything and go everywhere."

My friend had complained of the failure to arrest a Hun in high places who was a spy, not an alleged spy. German interests in this country are fortified behind a zariba. Whoever seeks to penetrate its mysteries is at once impaled. Nothing but strong public opinion will tear down the curtain that hides the mysterious protectors of the Germans. Good British officials are keen for the exposure of the Balbus who builds the wall.

THE DYE FIASCO.

The fiasco of the Aniline Dyes Company is an object-lesson of the lawyers' method of how not to do business. The scheme was doomed from its birth; but it was launched, and the British Board of Trade is now covered with shame as with a garment. The only reasons for safeguarding the interests of Germany by sacrificing the interests of Britain is, first, to please the Huns, and, secondly, to save the face of their political friends in London. When the war is over aniline dyes will be dumped on these shores. Every British industry competing with any German industry will also be penalised under the sanction of the mysterious and silent force that is working in secret behind the wall built to protect the Hoggenheimers.

RED CROSS—DANGER!

That some potent power is at work is shown by the fact that at last it has been necessary to withdraw the Red Cross brassards issued since the beginning of the war and to re-issue to British subjects only a new pattern of brassard, properly numbered and registered. Had the Red Cross Society always been controlled by pro-British men of business it would have been impossible for pro-German, American or Dutch citizens to wear British khaki, to travel to and fro between England and France in order to advance the fortunes of the ravishing but decadent Huns. Friction has been created between the French and British armies by some of the Red Cross philanthropists in khaki. There has been far too much of this veiled hostility in our midst. In the not impossible event of reprisals on both sides of the North Sea the secret agents of the Huns—who are tenderly protected, strictly according to precedent, by the division of responsibility between the various departments—will give Britain a hot time.

KUHLMANN'S 'CUTENESS.

It is not by accident that Herr von Kühlmann has been appointed German Minister at the Hague. Von Kühlmann worked like a nigger at the German Embassy in Carlton House Terrace. His mission was to rope in the simple British journalist in the interests of the imperial Hun and his licentious soldiery. Von Kühlmann is something of a genius. After the Agadir crisis of 1911, one would have thought that Celtic and Hebrew Fleet Street would have awakened to the designs of the Germans and to its own danger. Such was the adroitness, and so large were the funds at the disposal of Von Kühlmann, that the relations between Germany and Britain, even after the Agadir affair, actually improved, according to the press and Lord Haldane, almost up to the day when war broke out. This fact alone disqualifies Lord Haldane from holding a place in the Cabinet. But his salary of £10,000 a year is an advertisement of his own astuteness, and of British trustfulness. I will not go so far as the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, which describes the late Secretary for War—our present Chancellor—as a "dry sneak." Still, from the business point of view, Lord Haldane differs from his two successors, Colonel Seely and Mr. Asquith, and also from his Tory predecessors, in one important respect. Lord Haldane was the acknowledged German expert and pilot to the British Cabinet and Empire. No British bull-dog could growl a note of warning against Germany without the Haldane pack of hirelings raising a chorus of derision in Fleet Street and Manchester. The official "services" of Lord Haldane at the Foreign Office (as understudy to Sir Edward Grey), at the Board of Trade as Adviser-in-Chief to the German dumpers, and as the highest legal authority in the country, are a mystery. But we know that a secret force moves "its wonders to perform" behind an invisible wall. Who is its architect?

"GRATITUDE" FOR FAVOURS PAST?

My theory is that certain members of the Cabinet—not Mr. Churchill nor Mr. Lloyd George—are compromised up to their back teeth by the financial favours to their Party of wealthy Germans, and I believe the Unionist Party is tarred with the same brush. Either Ministers will hang together or they must resign. No other theory accounts for the favouritism shown to Germans or for the disfavour shown to purely British and Irish interests. A German Business Government has too long sat in London. Let us replace it by a British Business Government. The true story of "honest John Burns'" resignation has yet to be told. Von Kühlmann has something up his sleeve which, if known to the public, would produce the same effect on the nation as a rough cross-channel passage produces on delicate lady passengers who are bad sailors. A few hours before the declaration of war on the 4th August, Von Kühlmann was sufficiently at home among his British dupes and hirelings that he published a statement in the British Press to the effect that neutrality was the proper policy for this country. This was when Prince Henry of Prussia was lunching at the Admiralty.

THE PAST.

Imagine the effect in Germany if Sir Edward Goschen had publicly advised the German Government and people to observe neutrality when the quarrel broke out between Austria and Serbia. Under a Business Government the British Cabinet will have a better title to advise foreign states in the interests of mankind (backed by the British Navy) than was ever possessed by the Huns or any of their "dry sneaks." Vociferous agitators who called out men on strike when the employers had yielded everything that was asked for, may or may not have received subsidies direct from the German Embassy, but they were under German influence.

A "BUSINESS" CAMP.

I hear from competent officers who have visited the Duke of Bedford's Training Camp at Ampthill that it is a signal example of business capacity applied to enlistment, training, hutting, feeding and amusing recruits. It is stated on authority that there is nothing like it in the kingdom, while the cost is actually less than that of the muddy and insanitary camps upon which so much of the nation's earnings have been wasted. Though nearly a thousand men are in training there is no crime, no disease, and leave-breaking is unknown. Good business?

The ideal gift for our fighting men ashore or afloat—a "John Bull" pen.

OUR ONLY DANGER NOW.

BEWARE OF THE "PEACE-MONGERS"; FOR THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF—PRUSSIA!

We start by reiterating our opinion that the war will not last much longer—and we note, with interest, that General French is now stated to be of the same mind. And our present purpose is to warn the public against a deeply-laid plot, now being hatched, to manipulate a settlement, in the guise of Love, Humanitarianism, International Brotherhood, and other flapdoodle, designed to rob us of the legitimate fruits of victory, and to save the face of Germany. There is being got together a large sum of money—subscribed mainly by Judæo-German financiers, and, to a smaller extent, by crack-brained cranks—for the purposes of a great Peace Campaign, in which the principal workers will be political and journalistic mercenaries, and the others—religious and literary dupes. And thus we shall soon have a host of Leagues and Associations and Unions springing up for the purpose of influencing public opinion. *And there will be other influences at work*—IN DIRECT TOUCH WITH THE GOVERNMENT—*making for Settlement without "undue humiliation"* of Germany. We know what we are saying, and it will not be our fault if the people are fooled.

The National Compact.

Have you noticed a certain weakening in the attitude of some of our Ministers of late? We say "some" advisedly, for there can be no doubt that whilst, with the exception of those who have resigned, the members of the Cabinet were ultimately got into line by the Prime Minister, a strong element of dissension is now developing, and that although there may be no open rupture just at present, at least a couple of his colleagues—and by no means the least important—will break away when it comes to settling finally the British terms of peace. We shall mention no names for the moment, but we make the statement with full deliberation. And we bid the nation to stiffen its back and make it clear to the Government that, once in this ghastly business, we mean to see it right through. Let us keep the politicians to their plighted word—on the faith of which many a gallant comrade and many a loved relative have given up their lives and are now sleeping their everlasting sleep, so far as this world, and all that it meant to them, are concerned—but whose spirits are crying out to us who have been spared to avenge their death and justify their sacrifice. Surely such a compact is too sacred to be broken; it is sacrosanct—and if we violate a single clause of it, then the blood of the martyrs be upon our heads. Let us see, therefore, what it was. Here is the official declaration, given by Mr. Asquith on behalf of the nation, at the first call to arms:—

"*This is not merely a material—it is also a spiritual conflict. Upon its issue everything that contains the promise of hope, that leads to emancipation and fuller liberty for the millions who make up the masses of mankind will be found, sooner or later, to depend. . . . . England in the days of Pitt gave a noble answer to his appeal, and did not sheathe the sword till the freedom of Europe was secured. Let us go and do likewise.*"

And this is what Mr. Bonar Law said:—

"*We are fighting for our national existence, for everything which nations have always held most dear. But we are fighting for something more. We are fighting for the moral forces of humanity . . . we are fighting for the foundations of civilisation.*"

And now, lest there should hereafter be any attempt to qualify that view, let us quote once more from the manifesto signed by the Prime Minister and his two living predecessors in office—Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour—a manifesto on the basis of which we, and others, have been busily engaged gathering recruits to the Colours.

"*There must be no weakening, no wavering, no patched-up truce that would expose our children to a revival of the German menace—probably in circumstances far more terrible for the Empire than those which face us to-day.*"

We beg you ever to keep the above words in mind, so that whenever your Members of Parliament or your newspapers show the least sign of "trimming," you may hurl them at their heads and call them cowards and traitors. The policy, binding on the conscience of the country, is definite and emphatic.

1. We are fighting for the emancipation of humanity from the ghastly menace of Prussian militarism—with its barbarous doctrine of blood and iron.

2. Having begun the struggle, we will not withdraw—we will not sheathe the sword—till the "peace of Europe"—the permanent peace—"has been secured."

See that the pledge is kept, as you would face your God at the great Audit, when He will take stock of your soul. See that it is kept, as you would look your dead brother, or father, or son in the face when perchance some day you meet him again.

Mischievous Activities.

You will need to remember the pledge, for ere long your ears will be aching with the din of agitation for a peace which would be no peace—which, at best, would be a "patched-up truce that would expose our children to a revival of the German menace—probably in circumstances far more terrible than those which face us to-day." Blessed, indeed, are the Peace-*makers*—but cursed are the Peace-*mongers*, for theirs is the Kingdom of Prussia. Bear in mind that ever since the war began there

has been one organisation insidiously at work to save the Huns from "humiliation." It is called the "Union of Democratic Control," and is bossed by two political adventurers—Ramsay Macdonald and E. D. Morel. It started operations by sending out a private circular asking for funds; and then, as early as September, addressed a letter to the press, carefully omitting some of the phrases of the "collection" circular. Again, there are journalists of the type of Mr. Harold Spender, who tells us that "we must always so conduct war as to have our ears open to the first whisper of better things," and then, with unconscious humour, and forgetting the meaning of the word *taube*, adds that, taking a lesson from the story of Noah's Ark, "we must not, even at the darkest hour of human fortunes, forget to send forth the *dove*"; and, finally, he has the audacity, apropos of the Prime Minister's solemn declaration, to say, "It is of course a familiar fact that in all such bargaining both sides always put their first terms at a higher point than what they intend to accept in the end." Britain "bargaining"—what think you of it? And then, by way of illustrating the policy which he advocates, it is suggested that we should offer to give back to Germany the colonies we have already captured —"in that way repeating the great and splendid policy of Canning, and once more bringing in the New World to redress the balance of the Old." Now, why do we devote so much attention to this writer? We will tell you: *Because he is in close and intimate touch with a section of the Cabinet, and is its semi-official journalistic mouthpiece.* Now you know.

And what about John Burns? At present, to his credit, he is having the decency to hold his peace. But he has been heard to say at the National Liberal Club that he expects shortly "to come into his own," and that means, if it means anything, that he looks forward to renewed activity when it comes to the settlement of the war. And John is a dangerous force to let loose. Imagine the possibility of his being joined by one or two of his old colleagues—at present marking time—and you see how easily public opinion may be disturbed and influenced.

The Schoolmaster "Abroad."

And then there will be that most mischievous of all influences—the so-called "religious" appeal. Whilst the fighting has been at its fiercest, the Church has been sadly deficient in stimulating the heart and soul of the nation, but the moment Peace comes into sight we shall have a host of godly counsellors. There are already a dozen "Committees" in course of formation, and soon every platform in the land will be ringing with the raucous voices of the ranters. Even to-day they are at it. What think you, for instance, of that sermon preached in St. Margaret's—*the Church of the House of Commons*—by Dr. Lyttelton, the Head Master of Eton? We doubt whether he would have dared to deliver it to his own schoolboys. They would have thrown their ink-pots at his head. Listen to this: "Unless England came forward and offered to give up something for a reason which she was trying to enforce on others she would be charged in perfect truth with the most consummate hypocrisy." And this:

> "*If we intend to hold fast to everything we have gained in the past—and some of them possessions which have been gained by very questionable means—and we say that we are not going to part with a single inch of territory or a single privilege, all I can say is we are abandoning the principle of Christianity and taking once more our stand on the principle of competition.*"

A nice man to train our future patriots and officers! What with the Politicians on the one hand, and the Parsons on the other, we must, indeed, be on our guard.

A People's Settlement.

But they shall not do much harm—if *we* can prevent it. We cannot fight in the trenches, but we can, and if necessary *will*, give our life in the endeavour to prevent an act of national apostasy which, in our heart of hearts, we should regard as a blasphemy upon the living God, and a sacrilege upon the souls of the silent dead. No, in Heaven's name, there shall be no compromise. As we said months ago, this is to be not only the dawn of Britain's greatest glory—it is to be also the birth of a new age. The Anglo-Saxon race is on its trial, and though it is happy and fortunate to-day in its alliance with other Peoples, it cannot be too well borne in mind that international alliances are fleeting things, and that at any time we may be called upon to stand alone—the Trident of Neptune in one hand, and the Banner of Human Liberty in the other. And in that day there must be no challenger of our power—which will have been given us by God because we are worthy of the trust, and will use it for the good of the whole world. *That* is why He is trying us so sternly to-day; *that* is why the tears are being shed; *that* is why the blood is flowing; *that* is why two million free-born sons of our martial land have sprung to arms. To Hell with your Macdonalds and your Morels and your Spenders. Let them unite in a Fellowship of Fools and Faddists. This is *our* war, and it shall be *our* Peace.

And expressing in terms of Treaty the minimum of our Peace conditions, here are some of the Heads upon which we must, and will, insist. They will be elaborated, in more detail, when the time arrives.

1. The Restoration of Belgium integrity, with ample compensation for the material and moral wrong which has been done her.
2. The Restoration to France of her lost provinces.
3. The Disintegration of the German Empire.
4. The Abolition of European Turkey.
5. The Neutralisation of the Kiel Canal.
6. The Return to England of Heligoland.
7. Payment of an adequate War Indemnity to the Allies.

A Word with the Prime Minister.

Now, Mr. Prime Minister, please note. That is what we are fighting for—that is what we mean to have. It is useless arguing with cranks like Lyttelton; but *you* understand the matter. *You* will be no party to the betrayal of our Allies, to say nothing of the treachery towards the brave lads who have given us their lives. The nation trusts you—you must not disappoint it.

DON'T TRADUCE TOMMY.

BLACK SHEEP IN EVERY FLOCK—WANTED: SYMPATHY, NOT CANT.

By a Minister of Religion.

I read in my John Bull from time to time how certain very good individuals—they must be very good indeed—delight in running down those brave, noble fellows, our British "Tommies."

Were "Tommy" as bad as he could be—and I am sure he isn't—it passes my imagination how these smug folk can bring themselves to throw mud at him when he is fighting and laying down his life, or preparing to fight and lay down his life, to defend the lives, as well as the hearths and homes, of his unpleasant detractors.

I do not maintain that the men in our armies are all models of propriety and virtue. But in one respect, at least, they are a pattern and example, not only to this generation, but to the generations to come; for, whatever their personal weaknesses and passions, which they share with the rest of mankind; and whatever their temptations, which at certain times and under certain circumstances are greater than many civilians are exposed to, they have shown us how, at the call of duty and patriotism, they can rise superior to human weakness and nobly sacrifice themselves, nobly deny themselves, for the common good.

Black Sheep in Every Flock.

I am convinced, from recent personal experience and contact with soldiers, that there are great numbers of them whose conduct compares most favourably with that of civilians of their class, and, indeed, of other classes commonly supposed to be superior. The fact is, that the disciplined soldier has, by his training, a solid foundation laid of self-control and habits of obedience upon which he can fall back; and he is the better man for it. There are black sheep in every flock; but it is grossly unfair to judge all by the vices of some.

Soldiers are only human. No one will deny the existence among them, as among civilians, of real evils, which everyone will wish might be reduced to a minimum; but my point is this, that while demanding, as we do and must demand from our soldiers, that discipline and regularity without which, indeed, they would be useless, but which, all the same, constitute a high degree of self-repression and self-sacrifice—we have no right to turn round on them and reproach them as a class for lapses of conduct that, though strictly indefensible whether in soldiers or civilians, are not by any means universal, and have far more excuse in the hard life of a soldier than in the easy existence of many civilians who have been running "Tommy" down.

A Tribute.

Let me quote some words recently spoken by a distinguished Roman Catholic Army Chaplain just back from the Front:—"The brave men who were defending their homes," he said, "people had not been accustomed to appreciate enough. He himself had very often heard them spoken of as though they belonged to some inferior caste; as though they were members of some profession which was in itself almost disgraceful to the family. These men, of whom people had been accustomed to speak somewhat slightingly, had suffered gross injustice thereby. For twenty-eight years his work had been amongst them, and he knew—it was no mere opinion—that, man for man, soldiers were as good as any people. . . . . They, having only one life, had taken it to lay it down in the national cause, that the homes of the people of England might still be secure and safe. . . . . To tell the honest truth, he thought those who had any hard idea of our soldiers would lose it if they went to Flanders. There was no drunkenness, but a perfect sobriety. It was not only that the men were brave to a degree, bearing their terrible wounds and hurts with the most heroic patience and silence—that, after all, was the fashion of their profession—but their cleanliness, *their decency, their irreproachable conduct in the midst of what was supposed to be the license of war, passed any poor words of his to express.*" So much for the testimony of one who really knows the soldier. All honour to the men of whom such things are recorded!

Clean-tongued and Cheerful.

The present writer cannot speak with so long an experience as the Chaplain quoted above; but, since the war began, he has seen much and learned much of the British fighting man; and the result has been to engender in him a vast respect and a sincere affection for "Tommy Atkins." He has found him polite, considerate, grateful for any little gift or benefit, uncomplaining under suffering, particularly modest about his own achievements, and quite shy of praise. Going about hospitals I have never heard a curse, or an indelicate word. Doubtless Tommy swears sometimes; but not before ladies, or in presence of "the cloth." Can the same be said of some "gentlemen"? And "Tommy" has a good deal to make him swear.

A short time ago a big batch of wounded arrived at a provincial hospital. Amongst the first carried in was an Irishman. The doctor went up to him to enquire about his hurts. "Shure, I've a bit of a wound in the left leg; and me right thoigh's bruk, and I've one or two other small matters; but I'm *all* right; and here's a Happy New Year to us all." (It was New Year's Day.) Talk about cheerfulness under adverse circumstances! There was grit in that man the like of which one envies. Another poor fellow had his leg amputated high up the thigh. All that he complained of was that the pain seemed still to start in his (lost) foot. I believe this is a common experience, due to the seeming report by the nerves of sensations as from their formerly existing extremities. This man wouldn't have minded a bit, he said, if only the pain had been confined to his poor mangled stump. He thought it "wasn't fair" that a non-existing foot and leg should hurt him.

Wanted: Sympathy, Not Cant.

"Tommy" does not want a lot of religious talk; especially at his bed-side when he is in dreadful pain, and gritting his teeth so as not to cry out.

But he does think of serious things; and in the face of death he learns a lot that his would-be improvers don't realise, in spite of all their moral talk. I know this—and I could prove it; but confidence is confidence, and I am not going to break it. No one appreciates better than "Tommy" a straightforward, manly sympathy with him, whether he be sick or well—a real sympathy, founded on understanding. But it must be sympathy of the quiet sort—for no one hates more than "Tommy" a lot of sugary talk from the professional religionist. We may be well content to take "Tommy" as he is, for he is fine; nay, he is grand. If we want to do good to his soul, there are ways of doing it; and the beginning is, not the high-falutin talk of the patronising and superior person, but sympathy, and appreciation of his very fine qualities. If we want to keep him from evil, and from evil attractions, of which there are plenty in his path, let us offer him attractions of a really interesting sort—games, boxing, reading-rooms and so on; and do not let us make what we do for him an opportunity for forcing our own particular religious views down his throat. He will resent this hiding of the powder in the jam.

THE EXTREME PENALTY.

CONDEMNED SOLDIER'S TRAGIC FAREWELL.

We need no reminder as to the supreme importance of discipline, but in the administration of military law, as in that of civil justice, there are occasions when the claims of mercy should not go unheeded. There is something inexpressibly pathetic about the following letter received at Evesham by the wife of a private in the Warwickshire Regiment :—

> MY DEAREST WIFE AND KIDDIES,—Just a few lines in answer to your loving letter I received quite safe. Well, I expect this will be the last letter from me, my dear, as I have got to be shot for being absent, but I could not help it, I tried to find my regiment. I did my very best, but it can't be helped. My dear, I wish I could have seen you all. You must try and do your best for the kiddies. I should not upset myself, my dear. I did my duty before I was absent. It has all been trouble with us. I was very unlucky. I am so sorry to have to write a letter like this, my dear. I am quite done up. I did not think I should have come to an end like this, dear. I would sooner have been shot by a German. Well, I must close, now, darling, for the last time. Try and forget me for your broken-hearted husband, BERT.
>
> Do your best for my dear kiddies. God bless them. May He always be with you and them.

Even before the receipt of this harrowing epistle the unhappy wife had received cruel confirmation of its shattering news. A communication from the Infantry Record Office at Warwick Barracks ran :—

> MADAM,—No. 8747 Private——, 2 Batt. Royal Warwickshire Regiment was sentenced after trial by court-martial to be shot for "when on active service deserting His Majesty's Service," and the sentence was duly executed on February 8th, 1915, at 7.30 a.m.
>
> R. F. FORMBY.
>
> Lieut.-Col. for Brigadier General i c. Infantry Records, No. 7 District.

Few, perhaps, will have sympathy to spare for a man convicted of cowardice and desertion, but compassion will be readily extended to the widow and her helpless bairns. Meanwhile, the sorrowing woman clings to a belief in her husband's innocence of the charge preferred against him. In November last she received a letter from the dead soldier, who made no attempt to conceal his absence from his regiment. He wrote :—

> I have been lost two weeks, but I have got on the right track for the regiment. I can say I am writing this from Calais, 21 miles from old England.

And again in December :—

> It leaves me quite well at present, except my ears. I am gone quite deaf now, but I think it will go off. I have been struggling along. I have not had a chance to find my regiment, for you cannot understand French. They direct you wrong, but I shall find them just now.

There is a ring of honesty about these broken messages, and it is hard to believe that they were written by a wilful deserter. Of course, the man was not condemned without trial, but isn't it just possible that there was a cruel mistake somewhere? We fancy a lesser penalty might have met the justice of the case. Of course, in time of war, justice must be of the stern and ready variety, but it is possible that the exigencies of the situation debarred the unfortunate man from offering corroborative evidence of any defence which he may have put forward at his trial. The length of time which he was absent from his regiment was, undoubtedly, in itself highly suspicious, but it may not have been incapable of explanation in normal circumstance.

Happily, such cases are of extreme rarity in our voluntary army—we believe that throughout the whole of the South African Campaign such an offence was not committed. The conscript Germans, however, frequently endeavour to desert singly and in droves.

A CATECHISM FOR CONSTABLES.

DOMESTIC DETAILS DEMANDED FROM "SPECIALS."

A reader, who is also a Special Constable, informs us that, since August, he has "worn out one overcoat, one pair of boots, and a suit of clothes" in the services of a community that is undoubtedly grateful, but not obtrusively so. Hearing that a Clothing Grant was being made, he put in his application, for he is not yet a millionaire, and felt himself entitled to some compensation for wear and tear. All he has received, so far, is a form which he has been asked to fill up. He has sent it along to us, inquiring, "Are these questions authorised by the authorities?"

In our opinion, the form is an official one—it seems to have the mark of "authority" all over it. Here are some of the particulars demanded :—"If married, state the number in family." "If unmarried, state whether contributing towards the support of anyone." "Occupation." "Amount of weekly wage." "Grant required for overcoat, boots (or) gaiters." And then follows this onerous pledge: "If my application is granted I undertake to continue serving in the capacity of Special Constable so long as my services are required." It is a big pledge to ask in return for the gift of a pair of gaiters.

We rather wonder the poor "Special" is not asked, "Does your mother know you are out?" Presumably, the constable is an honourable man, or his services would not be retained. This being so, and finding it necessary to replace worn-out articles, his application for a grant should be treated as the request of a decent man and a reliable officer, and he should not be worried to supply details of his weekly earnings and what he does with his surplus wealth. If he is entitled to a pair of boots, let him have them without asking how he spends his overtime money. An honourable man squirms at the questions as unnecessary and rather insulting.

TRAVELS OF A MILK-TIN.

AN ANXIOUS SISTER AND A PEREGRINATING PARCEL.

Gilbert and Sullivan would have appreciated the antics of some of our officials. Here is one of the latest. A girl has a brother at the Front, and wished to send him a 6½d. tin of milk. At Walworth Road Post Office they undertook to send the tin for 4d. She thought that too much, so took it to the Great Portland Street Post Office, where they told her it would cost 1s., explaining that if it were sent for less her brother would be charged excess. Off it went to France at the bob rate—and back it came like a boomerang, a fortnight later. The reason given was "insufficient address." The girl had endorsed it with the private's full name, his regiment, regimental number, his brigade, and his division; but she had forgotten to mention the company. She then did what, according to Regulations, should have been better—she despatched the tin back to France at the fourpenny rate, through the military forwarding officer, and gave the minutest particulars of her brother, including his company. A week elapsed, and back came the milk, like the cat in the song, without any reason being given. She took it again to Great Portland Street; but the officials refused to look at it unless a shilling were paid. There was a hubbub between the young lady who directs things at the Post Office and the girl, and the tin is now resting at home, 1s. 4d. having already been spent on it—and the soldier in the trenches, who likes the brand his sister was sending, has to go without, and will not even know that she did her best to let him have it. Oh, for a Business Post Office!

Insurance gifts for Soldiers and Sailors. See page 26.

A HUNNISH HUSBAND.

YARMOUTH GIRL-WIFE'S CRUEL ORDEAL.

At the Yarmouth Borough Police Court not long ago an extraordinary matrimonial dispute engaged the attention of the local Justices. Robert Sidney Hastings being summoned at the instance of his eighteen-year-old wife, who sought a Separation Order upon the ground of persistent cruelty to herself and her baby. In the course of his opening speech the complainant's solicitor preferred a series of amazing charges against the defendant, the truth of which seems hardly to have been contested by his own legal adviser. The following extract from the lawyer's statement will afford a very fair idea of the general nature of the wife's complaint :—

> After their marriage they lived for two months on Fuller's Hill, and were fairly happy there, although he used to smack her face occasionally. She did not complain about this. About a week before the child was born they moved to 57, Garfield Road, Newtown. Within three weeks the defendant began suggesting the child was not his, and he said he wished it were dead, as it was the cause of all the trouble. About 9 o'clock one morning he took up the poker to throw at her when she had the baby in her arms. She bent down to save the baby and received the poker on her ankle, which hurt her very much, so that she could not walk. He told her he would throw three pints of water over her. He took the baby away from her, smacked her face and hit her in the stomach with his fist. This was only a month after her confinement.

In the witness-box the unhappy girl confirmed every detail of her solicitor's statement :—

> Her husband used to tell her that it was not his child but a soldier's, but she knew no soldier and had never been with one. He called the child a bastard. He "hided" her with the strap he used for his dogs, and she then said, "Now you have done it"—meaning the cut on her baby's arm, which was bleeding. He said he would hit the baby again with the strap if it cried. He beat her with a stick, hurting her very much, and said he would hit her again.

Cross-examination failed to shake a detail of this damning evidence, which was in part corroborated by a woman who had lived next door to the couple in Garfield Road. This witness deposed that :—

> She saw defendant punch his wife in the chest because she objected to his being cruel to the cat. She had also seen him raise his foot to her. She just missed the kick. When indoors she heard the wife screaming, and going to an upper window she saw Hastings fling her against a door and then push her into the middle room.

At this point in the evidence the Mayor intervened, and the defendant's lawyer intimated that "in view of the circumstances and the evidence"—and doubtless owing to the fruitlessness of the cross-examination—"he had no other course than to advise his client to accept an Order of Separation." It is hard to see why the husband should have troubled to contest the case at all, unless, perhaps, he preferred to starve his wife at home rather than to make a fixed weekly contribution towards her maintenance and that of his child. We notice that he studiously avoided the witness-box, although of course having to listen while the revolting tale of his brutality was unfolded. The Bench ultimately made an Order for Separation, with an allowance to the wife of eight shillings a week, it being stated that her husband's weekly earnings amounted to only £1. The poor woman will henceforth be expected to support herself and her baby in respectability on a little more than a shilling a day, while the author of her troubles retains for his purpose a sum half as large again. There was not a shadow of foundation for the man's aspersions upon his wife's character, and in all the circumstances her allowance should have amounted to at least one-half of her husband's income.

OH, THAT ACT!

CARELESS OFFICIALS AND A CLOSING ORDER.

The Shops Act of 1912, one of the most rash and ill-considered measures ever placed upon the Statute Book, makes provision not only for a general half-holiday among retail traders, but for the statutory closing of business premises at fixed hours on other evenings of the week. It is enacted, however, that before any such general Closing Order can be promulgated the local authority must consult the shopkeepers affected, two-thirds of whom must approve the proposed regulation of hours. Some sort of a ballot thus becomes necessary, and it is, we believe, the general practice to circularise traders concerned and to send police officers round to collect the voting papers on an appointed day. Not long ago we published a complaint which had reached us from Stoke-on-Trent, where in the course of a referendum of this sort many tradespeople entitled to vote had been entirely overlooked, and we have now received a protest from the Bradford Master Bakers' and Confectioners' Association, whose members are similarly aggrieved. It seems that the Bradford Corporation recently proposed to issue a general Closing Order for the bakery trade, and in due course sought the approval of the shopkeepers affected. Upon a scrutiny of the votes it was declared that the proposed Order had been approved, but no less than 82 votes were disallowed. Upon inquiry, the Association found that the traders thus excluded from the ballot were, in fact, perfectly entitled to vote, but through the carelessness of the municipal officials their names had not been entered upon the register of bakers and confectioners required by the Statute to be kept at the Town Hall. The omission of these votes wholly vitiated the result of the poll, and we are assured that but for their exclusion the proposed Order would have been condemned. In these circumstances, the Association have appealed to the Home Secretary to annul the Order, but this he declares he has no power to do except upon the application of the local authority. Here for the moment the matter rests, but it is not unlikely that means may be found of contesting the whole matter before a Court of Law. In any proceedings in respect of an alleged infringement of the Order it would be open to the defendant to plead that the Order was "bad" through the failure of the local authority to comply with the requirements of the Act. The Association should arrange a test-case.

PATRIOTISM AND PELF.

JEREMY DIDDLERS' GROUNDS FOR LANDLADIES.

The newly-rich who consider that a periodical residence in the most expensive places abroad is the hall-mark of blue blood, need not risk the mine and the submarine. They have but to go to Aldershot, where, in the meanest class of house, they may have a makeshift bed for the night for eight shillings or half-a-sovereign, which sum is slightly reduced if they anchor down for a week or so. Aldershot is always an expensive place for the subaltern "living out," and just now there are many officers' relatives in the town waiting to see them off to the front. They complain bitterly, and legitimately, of the way in which they are being fleeced. Perhaps the military authorities will consider commandeering every available room for the billeting of troops, and regulating the prices of commodities. In Farnborough the landladies are also busy. Hundreds of imported workmen there are living four in a room, and receiving fare that would make a Salvation Army shelter meal look sybaritish—and for which they are paying 21s. per week each.

Our generous Insurance Grants for "Tommy" and "Jack." See page 26.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

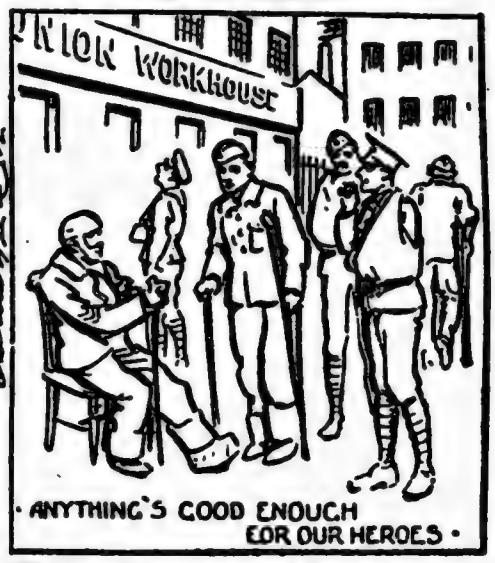
BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

The Russians' victory was complete,
And proudly they announce it:
But 'tis by far a greater feat
Correctly to pronounce it

In vain the Kaiser tries to fix
Blame for the war on us,
For Grey frustrates his knavish tricks
With terms contemptuous.

Those girls who were so quick to scorn
The men they thought were slack,
Prove the white feather should adorn
Themselves who're hanging back

The Polish pianist, filled with grief,
Finds he's no heart to play,
But works instead for the relief
Of Poland, night and day.



Why should our wounded heroes lie
In workhouses confined—
Who've fought and bled for you and me,
To wounds and death resigned—

Whilst enemies whom they have faced
And captured, live at ease
In mansions picturesquely placed,
And lapped in luxuries?

A PARTICK PATRIOT'S PARSIMONY.

RAISING THE RENT. NOT RAISING SOLDIERS.

Glasgow may well be ashamed of the paltry patriots of Partick, who turn the wives and families of our soldiers out of their houses, and then raise the rents. At 116, Hozier Street, Partick, resided Mrs. John Wilson and her family. Her husband, prior to enlisting in the Second Glasgow Battalion, was for some time in hospital with a dislocated knee—consequently Mrs. Wilson was behind with her rent. When summoned for it she stated that she had not received her separation allowance, and was given a fortnight in which to pay. At the expiration of that time her money had not reached her from the Government—so, notwithstanding her promise to pay when she obtained it, she was ejected by the "Factor." There was no temporising, the poor woman with her six children, ages ranging from 13 to 2, being bundled neck and crop from their home. She, bursting into tears, begged for a little more time, but the "Factor" was as stony-hearted as any Hun that ever evicted a woman and her little ones from a cottage in Belgium. When her home had been broken up, her separation allowance arrived. One word more. As soon as the husband enlisted the rent of the house was increased. Cast in such mould is the Partick patriot.

THE NURSE.

Where vengeance rages and the war-cloud lowers,
A woman moves throughout the frenzied hours,
Spurning the cannon and the leaden shot,
She goes her tranquil way and flinches not.

Gentle her nurture when a little child,
Life, at its opening, shone serene and mild,
For her frail feet stretched fair the primrose path,
Yet, when fate fade, she took the road of wrath.

Choosing to tread where men wage war and slay,
Walking all white along the bloodstained way,
Among the passions that fierce men reveal,
Because her mission is to soothe and heal.

By night, by day, she tends the grievous wounds,
Living in dreadful sights and dreadful sounds,
Yet with sweet comfort in her finger-tips,
And sweet compassion in her moving lips.

All through her duty is her courage rare,
Never one moment enters weakness there,
Save when his Maker beckons from on high,
And it is hers to see a strong man die.

RICHARD MORTON.

Free War Insurance for civilians. All war risks covered. Particulars on page 26.

THE MUDDLE OF ARMY PAY.

EXPLANATORY GROWL FROM A BLAMED DEPARTMENT.

Complaints of the deeds and misdeeds of the Army Pay Department are not infrequent, and more than one hint has been dropped that its staff is inefficient and incompetent; hence many delays and various vexations. We now learn, on the word of a member of such staff, that "seething discontent is rampant in the Department." It appears to arise from bad feeling, or jealousy, between the military staff and the civilian staff—lions and lambs who refuse to lie down together.

You are to picture an Army Pay Office, where, in peace time, about twenty men are employed, but which now holds about four hundred clerks, most of whom are said to be untrained and unfitted for their highly specialised duties. The natural result is that they "have reduced to a state of chaos that which at one time resembled system." The Permanent Staff is held responsible for all things, including all muddle, yet their pay is less than half that granted to Temporary Paymasters who fail to get a grasp of the work. Our informant remarks: "While such things exist the poor Tommies' wives may continue to complain, and yet eventually will not receive the slightest satisfaction."

If the picture is correct, the conclusions drawn from it are incontrovertible, and we begin to understand why so many Separation Allowances fail to arrive. A house divided against itself is unstable, and a staff that refuses to unite must produce mess and muddle. The Permanent Staff grumbles at its own pay, and envies the pay of new men. The wage of a civilian clerk is from 24s. to 36s. a week, but, since the war, he is able to increase this occasionally by working extra hours. After forty years' service, he is entitled to a gratuity of £80. The pay of a Military Clerk, for the period of the war, is £2 5s. 6d. a week, with uniform, separation allowance for wife and children, and other emoluments, with a pension at the end of 21 years' service. And, says our correspondent—who signs himself "One of the Old and Bald!"—these are the men who do not know their work, who destroy the system of the office, and are responsible for the outcry against the Department.

If half what our informant alleges is true—and he supports his statements by details we have no space for—there is certainly need for a firm hand to grasp the nettle of disorganisation in the Department. Meanwhile, Mrs. Atkins, who is so sadly aware of the shortcomings of the A.P.D., may now have an inkling of the reasons therefor.

THE TEACHER AND THE TRENCHES.

TYRONE HOUSE AND ITS TYRANNY.

What has the Board of National Education in Ireland to say to this? A patriotic teacher volunteered for the Front last September, engaging a competent man to take his place. The substitute, however, could not begin the duties till eight days after the volunteer had left. The Education Office has now written to the school manager to say that, as no substitute was employed for those eight days, "salary cannot be paid by the Board for this period." The denizens of Tyrone House must have as much imagination as a lot of Troglodytes, and about as much soul as a congregation of cobblestones. They cannot have any sense for true realisation of the necessity which exists for men and *more men*—otherwise it would be patent to them that this obtuse, dense and insensate conduct can be nothing but harmful in the matter of recruiting. In the circumstances, to dock eight days' pay off a teacher who has taken his place in the trenches is not only paltry, but stupid. What can we expect of an Education Office which is run on such lines?

HELP! HELP!!

MORE ABOUT THE "HELPING-HAND'S" METHODS.

The delicate wife of a labourer on a Scottish nobleman's estate, although burdened with a young family, was anxious to add to the pittance earned by her husband by obtaining some sort of home employment. She succumbed to the specious and alluring advertisement of the Helping-Hand Stores, Central Chambers, Brazenose Street, Manchester, a branch of a Yankee concern with headquarters in Chicago. She entered into correspondence with them, and was presently induced to part with 30s. for an "outfit" for colouring postcards, being assured that the work would "greatly add to her income." Upon arrival, the "outfit" proved to be a pasteboard box containing a few painting materials and two postcards—the intrinsic value of the lot being about eighteenpence. By this time, however, their "Dear Friend" (why are these Yankee sharps so keen on the "Dear Friend" wheeze?) had become more seriously ill, so her husband wrote to the Helping-Hand Stores as follows:—

> DEAR SIRS,—Out .t came to-day safely, but I am sorry to say that Mrs. —— is unwell and shall not be able to take up the work. So I must return the materials without delay, which I trust you will receive all right. Under the circumstances I shall be much obliged if you will return the money as soon as convenient, and oblige.

But the Helping-Hand Stores apparently are prepared to return anything rather than money, for they promptly returned the "outfit" with the following brief note:—

> We are returning Out..t which you have sent us back. We made no arrangement to take back same, and shall be glad if you will give it a trial. Assuring you at all times of our best attention, etc., etc.

What delightful irony! "Best attention." Filled with anxiety, the harassed husband once more returned the paltry pasteboard box with its cheap contents, with the following sincere and pathetic letter:—

> SIR,—Please explain why you have returned this packet to my wife, who is not well, as I said in my note, which you evidently have overlooked, and who you are urging to give this work a trial. Impaired health, unfortunately, cancels many arrangements. Now this small parcel is yours, the contents untouched, I will post to you for the last time, and remember in the circumstances I am your correspondent. Please deduct your expenses, which can only be postage, and return the balance without delay. Failing this I shall lay the case before my employer, who is a nobleman of high rank, and who will make strict inquiry.

The "outfit" was not again returned—nor was the money refunded, notwithstanding strong representation from another quarter. The poor may well pray to be saved from such a "helping-hand."

OUR SOLDIER AND SAILOR INSURANCE GRANT.

THE FIRST CLAIM.

The little town of Keith, in the North of Scotland, has the sad honour of furnishing the first claim admissible under our scheme for the benefit of dependents of our soldiers and sailors who have laid down their lives for their country. Charles Watson, a private of B Company, 6th Gordon Highlanders, was killed in action at Neuve Chapelle. Under the conditions of our scheme, his mother, Mrs. Barbara Watson, of 13, Broomhill Road, Keith, N.B., will, in due course, receive our free grant. We tender our sincere sympathy to her and to the other members of the bereaved family, and commend the prudence which caused her to take prompt advantage of our unique offer. All relatives of our soldiers and sailors should avail themselves in the same manner of our free scheme.

Of vital importance to every reader of "John Bull"—turn to page 26.

A GREAT NATIONAL DUTY.

HELP VICTORY ALONG.

Keep the Soldiers Well and Comfortable—How you can Help.

At a recent interview with a French journalist, Field-Marshal Sir John French is reported to have said:—"It is a rough war this; but the problem it sets is a comparatively simple one. Munitions, more munitions, and always more munitions—that is the essential question, the governing condition of all progress, of every leap forward. I do not believe in a protracted war. At the end of these hard months of war definite victory awaits us."

These words of the great British General explain the reason why JOHN BULL is now engaged in the gigantic effort of raising funds to supply every man in our fighting forces with munitions of Health and Comfort. Every JOHN BULL Five-Shilling Parcel subscribed for is a weapon against the enemy, a means of curtailing the war and hastening victory. "It is a rough war this!" Therefore, whatever more of comfort and good cheer we bring into the lives of our brave boys is urgently needed and immensely valuable.

THE GREAT CALL OF DUTY.

Happy are we in this land who do not suffer extreme personal discomforts. But, remember, our good fortune is due to the very men who, enduring the greatest privations and dangers without a murmur, need your succour and friendly encouragement. They are cheered by what the folks at home do for them, because it is the folks at home their hearts are always turning to. That thought should touch everyone's heart—and open the purse-strings. Therefore, JOHN BULL expects that every reader this day will do his duty. That is, to subscribe as liberally as possible and work to induce friends and others to do likewise.

We are all suffering, more or less, from the financial effects of the war, but the man in the trench is bearing a burden many times as heavy as that imposed upon civilians. Not only is he separated from his relatives and friends, but he is deprived of all the little comforts that make life easy, whilst owing to the terrible weather conditions and constant nerve-shattering experiences, he lays himself open to hourly chances of illness and disease.

However, Tommy cheerfully faces death and disease, and, putting aside all he holds most dear—home, family, chums, sweetheart, business, pleasure—the soldier asks little from us. For these reasons we must give him our utmost to ensure his health, happiness and comfort. The best way of doing this is by means of our great National scheme for sending a huge parcel to all soldiers, providing them with the articles that will help to keep the body healthy and to supply the little comforts they crave for.

JOHN BULL readers are the most patriotic in the land. They have, therefore, responded loyally to our appeal, but we want more—and more—and yet more subscriptions to ensure that every fighting man obtains one of our 5s. Health and Comfort parcels. There are over a million readers of this journal every week. We appeal to everyone of them to send a donation—6d. will be appreciated—2s. 6d. will pay for half of a parcel—5s. for one complete parcel. Every penny will be used for the Fund. Send your subscriptions to-day and make them Easter or Holiday offerings to our gallant men.

7s. 6d. WORTH FOR 5s.

Nine different kinds of goods comprise the contents of the JOHN BULL Health and Comfort Five Shilling Parcel—and all are made throughout by British firms. Without a doubt, in many a weary and trying hour they will prove of almost priceless worth.

Owing to the whole-hearted co-operation of patriotic manufacturers, liberal and generous supplies of the following goods are contained in the parcel, which will thus be the biggest and most complete outfit of comforts ever sent to the Front.

BOVRIL, in a specially packed campaigning jar. An unsurpassed reviver, sustainer and strengthener after fatigue or cold.

PASCALL'S BULLS' EYES. The soldiers' favourite sweet. Wholesome, warming and nourishing.

BRYANT AND MAY'S SAFETY MATCHES. Complete with a novel Service Matchbox Cover, which protects the matches and box from damp and hard usage. 12 boxes in specially designed and sealed Service Match Tin.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP.. Just the antiseptic soap needed. Refreshing and invigorating.

THERMOGENE. A great comfort and curative to sufferers from rheumatism, sciatica, backache and colds.

KEATING'S POWDER. All the men home from the Front report that there is urgent need for this.

SPHAGNOL. The best ointment to apply as a first aid for wounds, sore feet and skin trouble. Recommended by leading medical authorities.

KEPHALDOL. The safe and certain remedy for the relief of pain. Also a grand specific for influenza.

BLACK CAT CIGARETTES. The Black Cat is a talisman of good luck. Soldiers are writing home asking specially for these cigarettes.

The Queen Alexandra Field Force Fund are responsible for the assembling and packing of the goods. Thus every subscriber has the knowledge that the parcels are being handled by an officially recognised body.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO ANY AMOUNT.

Decide how many five-shilling parcels you can afford to send, then forward your subscription. If you cannot afford more than one—or a portion of one—at a time, don't wait, but send your first subscription at once. Every sixpence is needed if every Tommy is to be supplied. As time also means money, we would urge you to make haste. Collect to-day. Give to-day. The soldiers are waiting for your parcel. They expect it.

Subscriptions, which will be all immediately acknowledged, should be sent by cheque or postal order or stamps enclosed in an envelope addressed to—

The Editor, "Soldiers' Comfort," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

If you have a brother or relation or intimate friend at the Front, then ask us to send the parcel to him. But should you not have anyone in whom you are specially interested, then ask us to send the parcel to some lonely soldier, or to some battalion whose record appeals to you.

With every parcel a free copy of JOHN BULL is enclosed. Each subscriber can forward his or her card, or a short letter of cheer. It goes without saying that the men will be delighted with these personal encouragements, and that the men's acknowledgments will be mementoes to be treasured.

Only by every reader joining us in this great effort can we make this a truly National and worthy offering—so send your subscriptions to-day.

A BRIGHTON "SOLUTION" SHARK.

A MEL-ROSE THAT DOES NOT SMELL SWEET.

Amazingly impudent are the ways of certain solution-mongers. Having by some means secured the address of a stranger, who occasionally amuses himself by joining in the literary competitions of this and other journals, they send him a screed of carneying flapdoodle, mingled with hints of underhanded scheming, and so seek to arouse in him a spirit of greed and cupidity on which they hope to batten like hyenas. A very low-down player of the game is a person signing himself as R. Melrose, with his "offices" at 7-8, Connaught Chambers, North Street, Brighton. The depths to which he is prepared to sink for a mere dollar are explained by him in a recent circular, produced by a multiple-copying process, but passing itself off in each case as a "strictly private" letter.

"Fortunate Clients."

The missive before us is addressed to an "Esteemed Competitor," who is told at the outset, "You are indeed one of my most fortunate clients. The following will no doubt convince you of the fact." The "following" matter states that a "Competition Editor has raised the first prize (for this week only) to £500. . . . Now what would you think if I was to tell you that by simply entering one coupon and following implicitly my directions you can make certain of the mammoth prize of £500?" Well, *we* know what we think when the man Melrose tells us such a thing, but his letter is sent out to country-folk whom he hopes to find less experienced in the ways of the world. So, having shown the bait—a "certain" win of £500—he proceeds to set the trap.

"Has anyone ever told you," asks this coupon-coper, "that people living in *certain* districts are sometimes awarded prizes simply to improve the circulation in their particular neighbourhoods? Well, this is indeed true. Can you remember a big prize ever being awarded to anyone residing in your district? I cannot, and I am sure you cannot. Suffice it to say I have reason to believe that a monster prize will be awarded in your neighbourhood."

The Horse's Mouth—and Hoof.

Now Melrose does not actually say that he is able to ensure the award of the prize to the person he addresses, but he does say, "Do not have any doubt as to the truth of my information, for to use the vernacular: 'It's right from the horse's mouth!'" And here is more cunning cajolery, "I must beg of you to read between the lines." He follows these indelicate hints with a recital of his terms:—"I want you to faithfully promise me 45 per cent. of the prize and also to give me two guineas for my most valuable services. The latter will no doubt astound you but do not despair for I only wish you to deposit with me 5s. and the balance can be substracted from the prize-money." A final fillip is, "Should you not" agree to the terms "I shall be obliged to make my offer to some other resident in your district."

Melrose, posing as the man who knows, and suggesting, if you "read between the lines," that he is able to control the award of a £500 prize, is merely out to pick up five shillings from as many flats as may fall to his lure. Instead of information "right from the horse's mouth" what he requires is a tip "right from the horse's hoof"—with a sinewy leg attached to add force when planted in the appropriate part of Melrose's anatomy. Those conducting reputable competitions, such as "Bullets," pay no attention whatever to the address of an entrant. The best way to frustrate the "Solution" shark's knavish tricks is to burn his communications. That is all they are worth.

TAKING IT OUT OF TOMMY.

HOW THE HUNGRY HERO IS HAD IN THE CANTEEN.

Numerous letters from the men in training reach us complaining about the prices charged in the various canteens, which are run by civilians, and not without justification. A hogshead of beer, containing 54 gallons, arrives from the brewer and is charged on the stock-book at 2s. per gallon. This beer is sold to the men at 3d. per pint, which works out at the 2s. per gallon: and yet the canteen manager must show a profit of 10 per cent. on the hogshead! The mathematician may say that this cannot be done; but it is. When Tommy gets his pint of beer it has a "cap badge" of froth about two inches deep, and he is defrauded to that extent. The managers are not allowed to purchase hams locally at 9d. a pound and have them boiled in the camp. Ready-boiled hams are sent down from London at 1s. 8d. a pound, and carriage is paid on them—these are supposed to be cut up into sandwiches and, with bread included, show a profit of 33⅓ per cent., the sandwiches being sold at 1d. and 1½d. each. How the profit is made might be told by the neighbouring regimental master cook and the manager. Cake is supplied to the canteens in 8-lb. slabs, costing 2s. a slab, and they are cut up into from 40 to 45 slices. Even at 40 slices, the slab which costs 2s. brings in 3s. 4d. The blithe barman often cuts the slab up into 50 slices, and the price of the ten extra goes to swell his private bank account. Cheese brings in from the soldiers from 2s. 10d. to 3s. a pound, and the canteen manager must show a profit of 100 per cent. on this, as on various other articles of food. "Bully" beef may be had retail anywhere for 9d. a pound; Tommy pays 1s. 10d. And so on with all necessaries purchased in the dry canteen by the young soldier. What does Lord Kitchener say?

BUY! BUY!!

WHY A NOVEL PROPOSAL SHOULD BE DECLINED.

Readers in the provinces may have received a circular from "Lutken's, Expert Buyers," 106, Charing Cross Road, offering to do their shopping in London for them. Messrs. Lutken's principal anxiety appears to be to protect people against themselves—for they suggest that country cousins "are often, through gorgeous displays and expert salesmanship, tempted to acquire articles for which they have no need." The idea seems to be that, if Lutken's are allowed to pit their expert buyership against this expert salesmanship, money will not be frittered away upon articles which can well be dispensed with. Messrs. Lutken's objection to gorgeous displays is carried into practice so far as their own environments are concerned—they occupy one room on the third floor at the address given, and nothing could be more modest than its appearance. The street door has been embellished by a sign-painter, who sets forth in plain characters the name "Lutken" as that of one of the tenants, and Mr. O. Lutken is the person to whom money orders and cheques (crossed the "Banque Belge pour l'Etranger") should be made payable. Lutken's proclaim their ability to purchase anything—from an aeroplane to a yard of ribbon—at the very lowest prices, that they transact all business on a spot cash basis, and that they are not philanthropists—their proposal being "merely good business." No doubt it is; but we should prefer to do our shopping direct rather than entrust cash to agents who have been at their insignificant premises for about a month only, and who offer no references as to their standing.

Last chance to win our £1,500 football skill prize. Final Coupon.

¶ Do not lightly pass by this Special Offer

It is of vital importance to you. It concerns the future of yourself or your children.

Read this page: On this page is presented to Parents who have at heart the future welfare of their children, a special offer by Mr. GEO. E. CLARK, F.R.G.S., the Founder and Principal of

Clark's College

The World's Greatest Centre of Training for

CIVIL SERVICE & BUSINESS CAREERS

Higher Exams., Professional Appointments, Railways, Banks, Insurance, Secretaries, &c.

By Correspondence AND BY ORAL TUITION.

The Offer.

Briefly, Mr. Clark's offer is a Special Reduction in fees to those who fill in the Coupon below. On the receipt of this Coupon a **Free Preliminary Test** will, if desired, be sent for working. This will enable Mr. Clark to advise the applicant as to the best course of training to adopt, and to offer such reduction in fees as the circumstances of the applicant may warrant. There will be no charge to "John Bull" readers for this Test and its examination. The value of this offer can be best illustrated by the following Trenchant Facts about Clark's College:

Brilliant Opportunities for Young Men & Women:

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS' UNBROKEN SUCCESS in training young men and women for Civil Service and Business, including Banks, Railways, Insurance, Secretaryships, Shipping and Merchants' offices, etc.

AT NEARLY EVERY PUBLIC EXAM. honours and successes easily outstrip those obtained by any similar institution.

Over 80,000 young people have already been successfully trained for lucrative and congenial positions all over the kingdom.

THE PRINCIPAL'S OWN PERSONALLY-CONTROLLED system of tuition by Correspondence ensures the same individual attention to each pupil as that enjoyed by students in the oral classes.

YOU CAN BE TRAINED BY CORRESPONDENCE direct to your home, no matter what the distance. If you are already in a position you can improve it. Mr. Clark asks only for ambition and hard work—he will do the rest.

THE PRINCIPAL PERSONALLY GUARANTEES well-paid positions to all proficient students.

STUDENTS TRAINED AT CLARK'S COLLEGE are in great demand amongst employers of all classes. If the war should end in six months, or earlier, would your child be ready to fill one of the many well-paid positions then open?

THERE ARE TWENTY BRANCHES OF THE COLLEGE distributed over the country, all linked together under the personal control of Mr. Clark. If a pupil cannot attend one of these, the unique Correspondence Courses meet every requirement.

☞ **NEW TERM** for Correspondence or Oral Classes commence

APRIL 12.

DO NOT MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY AFFORDED!

Fill in and post the coupon TO-DAY.

IN ANY CASE FILL IN THE COUPON and obtain our Illustrated Booklet No. 18. It will cost you nothing, and is well worth having.

SPECIAL WAR REDUCTION COUPON.

THE PRINCIPAL, Clark's College, Chancery Lane, London,—

Please send full particulars of your Special Offer, as presented in "John Bull" of April 3, and the papers necessary for the FREE PRELIMINARY TEST therein mentioned. My position is described in letter herewith*, and I shall be pleased to know the very lowest terms on which you can accept (me†) or my son† (or my daughter†) for a (Correspondence†) or Oral† Course at your College, for Business† or Civil Service† career.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

* State position in covering letter.
† Strike out words that do not apply.

Clark's College, Ltd.,

The Civil Service and Business University of London,

1, 2, 3, & 126, Chancery Lane, W.C.

And BRANCHES.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

"WIRELESS" WIREPULLING METHODS.

Everybody has become familiar with the tarradiddles of the German Wireless Press, that highly systemised organisation worked between the Eastern and Western lines of the world's forces opposed to Prussia. Few, however, if any, outside that Shrine of Ananias, can know how the utterly false statements of the Chief of Army Administration at Berlin can be—and are—based on truthful, real facts.

They should be read as they were written; and they were written, as already stated, *between the lines*. It requires only a little practice to be able to decipher these ingeniously constructed word-puzzles.

Let us take an example—say the report issued on Friday, January 29th. As published in the Press of that night, it is printed in ordinary type, the complementary and suppressed portions being in italics. This is how it goes:—

In the Western Theatre of the war, during a *period of favourable calm, there was attempted a mid*night expedition by one of our squadrons of aeroplanes, *which was, however, unsuccessful in attaining its goal*—the English provision establishments of the fortress ——. *Nevertheless, churches and hospitals in* Dunkirk were attacked. Many bombs were dropped *upon unsuspecting civilians.*

An enemy attack in the Dunes north-west *of Nieuport succeeded, and the force in defence* of Nieuport was repulsed. The enemy, who had *no advantage of position such as we possessed,* penetrated in one place as far as our trenches, was repulsed *but regained lost ground, and we were beaten* by a night bayonet attack.

South of La Basse Canal, the English attempted *with no small success, and few casualties,* to recapture the positions we have taken from them; *our brave men tried to regain the lines,* but their attack was repulsed.

In the Eastern theatre of war Russian attacks *have been almost uniformly successful* in the region of Kussen (N.E. of Gumbinnen), *but a raid on one of our field kitchens* failed with heavy losses to the enemy.

In Northern Poland there are no changes, *our defeats being quite regular and frequent.*

In the East of Bolumow, east of Lowick, our *best efforts have been everywhere checked, although in one case a concerted effort of* troops drove the enemy out of his outpost positions, *and penetrated into his main positions.* The captured trenches were retained and adapted *until the enemy retook them—admittedly skilfully*—notwithstanding a fierce night counter-attack *by our forces. They have held them ever since* with the exception of one small position.

Now you know how it is done!

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"Dear Botty,—I am in a fix and you as an old pal will surerly help me out. Some friends of mine bet me five bob that I couldn't answer two questions that they would give me. I took the bet and I have failed to answer them so far, hence this letter to you. *Questions:* (1) Who was the lady that died before she was born? (2) What is the record time for a man to do one hundred yards carrying himself in an ordinary pail or bucket? God save JOHN BULL and to blazes with his enemies. That is if he saves my five bob."

"I hope you are as well as me. I am."

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

CAPTAIN JOHN WARD, M.P.

Evenin', sir. . . . 'Air cuttin'—*and* shavin'? . . . Very good, sir. Jest set 'ere if yer don't mind. . . . Shell I cut it close, sir, or jest trim it? . . . Close? Very good, sir; but chew won't look quite the same, sir . . . I wouldn't advise yer to 'ave it *too* short, sir—Do as I'm told—obey orders? . . . Cert'n'y, sir; but chew'll erlow me ter say, sir, thet I ain't used ter bein' spoke to like thet, sir . . .I ain't a bloomin' recruity, allar me ter tell yer, sir, and you ain't my bloomin' sergent, eether. . . . I'm the boss o' this 'ere bizniss, orlthough everybody don't know it, and I awsks fur a certain amount of respeck from me customers. . . . Shut me 'ead?—An' git on with it? . . . Well, you're a bigger man then me, sir, so I won't argue with yer. . . . You want it close, and you'll *'ave* it close. . . . I'm afraid, sir, you're one o' them gents wot don't appreciate the dignity of laber. . . . But thet attitood is dyin' out, sir—farst. . . . The country as a nole is beginnin' ter realise the importance of the workin' clawsses. . . . It ain't on'y the man wot carries the gun—it's the man wot *makes* it, too. . . . Do I call shavin' an' 'air cuttin' dignified laber? . . . On'y fit fur Germans? . . . Thet's ware you're wrong, sir. . . . 'Air-cuttin' an' shavin' ain't on'y labour, it's a nart. . . . But orl laber's dignified, fur the matter o' thet, sir, to my mind—even navvyin' . . . . Yes, I sed even navvyin' . . . . Wot do I mean be thet? . . . Wot der *you* mean, wot do I mean.? . . . Wot I ses, o' corse. . . . Navvyin' is one o' the lowest grades o' laber, ain't it? . . . Oh, it ain't, ain't it? . . . Not since the wore. . . . I see; becos 'arf the fightin' is navvyin' . . . . I see; diggin' trenches. . . . Oh, I dessay. . . . Yes, I *did* 'ear somethink erbout a Navvies' Battalion. . . . A bloke called John Ward got it up, didn't 'e? . . . M.P. I think 'e wos. . . . Wot's thet—*Capting* Ward? . . . Wot O! . . . But wot I wanter know is, w'ere's these sorter fancy battalions goin' ter stop. . . . Take this Navvies' Battalion, fur instance. . . . There's six or seven 'undred navvies joined up fur active service. . . . Very well. . . . Now I s'pose w'en they gits to the front their job'll be to dig trenches. . . . W'en a norfficer wants a trench dug, I s'pose 'e'll send fur the Navvies' Battalion. . . . Now, s'pose 'e wants 'is trench dug in a nurry, an' the Navvies is diggin' a trench fur another orfficer somew'eres else—wot'll be done then? There won't be time ter wait fur the Navvies, so the ordinary Tommies'll 'ave ter dig it theirselves, won't they? . . . Very well, then, thet's wot I say. . . . You carn't 'ave the Navvies' Battalion in two places at once, can yer? . . . Very well, then. . . . Wot they oughter done wos ter drarft so many navvies to each regiment, not keep 'em orl together. . . . Make 'em Navvy Sergent, or somethink like thet, and let 'em teach the Tommies 'ow ter dig. . . . Don't know wot I'm torkin' erbout? . . . Well, I *think* I do, so thet's somethink, enny'ow. . . . I've a very good mind ter form a Barbers' Battalion. . . . Some of our chaps would 'ave the closest shaves they ever 'ad in their lives then. . . . No, I ain't ridiculin' the Navvies' Battalion—fur from it. . . shouldn't like to. . . . They're a bit too hefty fur thet. . . . But 'ow'll they git on at the front without eer?—Thet's wot I wanter know. . . . That'll be sevenpence. . . . Thank yer, sir. . . . Good day.

The average man thinks only of a "pork pie" when he is hungry, and of a "pill box" when he is sick. But women just now are devoting a great deal of thought to them, for these are the nicknames given to the new fashions in hats. The dainty woman who wants to know all about this season's confections should not miss the April 3rd number of "Everywoman's Weekly." NOW OUT.

Final coupon—see our great Football prize offer. £1,500, £250, £100. Page 32.

SANDOW'S HEALTH & STRENGTH COCOA

IMPORTANT LEGAL ACTION.

£50 REWARD

will be paid for such information as will lead to the conviction of any person stating that either Sandow's Health and Strength Cocoa or Chocolate is being "made in Germany."

In the CHANCERY DIVISION, before Mr. JUSTICE SARGANT, a motion was heard in which an Injunction was sought by SANDOW'S COCOA AND CHOCOLATE CO., LTD., in an action against a Brighton trader to restrain him from uttering the libellous statement that this Company's Cocoa and Chocolates are "made in Germany." The Defendant agreed to an order for a Perpetual Injunction to refrain from such statements, and the motion was treated as the Trial of the action.

Interest in this verdict is reflected in the large number of letters from our troops at the front, of which the following is a fair specimen :—

REMARKABLE LETTER FROM THE TRENCHES.

Private H. Forder, No. 11 Platoon, No. 3 Company, 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, B.E.F., writes :—"We have "had some bitterly cold weather out here, which is very trying "to the strongest constitutions in the Trenches. I have found "that your 'Health and Strength' Cocoa is a grand thing "for keeping out the cold and strengthening one for the hard "work to be done. My wife has forwarded me a regular supply "of your Cocoa, and we often enjoy a mess-tinful made on a "small charcoal fire in the Trench. One night a comrade "said, **'That's thundering good stuff. I'll write home for "some.'** You may publish this letter if you care to, as I think "everyone should know what a splendid article 'Health and "Strength' Cocoa is."

OFFER TO OUR BRAVE LADS AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

In order that our brave defenders may derive benefit from Sandow's Health and Strength Cocoa the Directors of the Company have initiated the following unique scheme :—

To everyone purchasing two quarters, or one half-pound, tin of Sandow's Health and Strength Cocoa will be handed, on request, a postcard which can be forwarded with the Cocoa to their friend at the Front, and which is worded as follows :—

TO OUR BRAVE LADS AT THE FRONT.

The first Five Hundred British or Colonial Sailors or Soldiers who post one of these cards on German territory will be entitled to nominate their Wife, Mother, Sister, or Sweetheart as a recipient for a handsome silver-plated porcelain cocoa set, consisting of large Jug, Sugar and Cream (three pieces). This offer does not apply to prisoners of war, but only to victors.

Please send Cocoa Set to :	Name .....
Name	Number.....
Full address	Ship or Regiment....

Sandow's HEALTH AND STRENGTH Cocoa is manufactured entirely by BRITISH workpeople in a BRITISH Factory.

If any difficulty in obtaining locally, please write direct to Sandow's Cocoa and Chocolate Co., Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex, who will send you name and address of nearest agent.

N.B.—Sandow's HEALTH AND STRENGTH Cocoa is guaranteed pure, and contains no shell whatsoever. It is the MOST EASILY DIGESTED of all cocoas, and admitted to be the FINEST on the market. 3d., 4½d., 7½d., and 1s. 2½d.

WHEN YOU DRINK

Whisky, Gin, Beer, Sherry, Lemonade, etc.,

Add a Little

6 O-T 9

and note the Improved flavour.

'O-T' makes a fine drink when diluted with lemonade, soda, hot or cold water. A dash of 'O-T' in all kinds of spirits, wines, and beer, not only makes a better drink, but it is good for you.

'O-T' is sold at all Bars by the Glass

And by Grocers, Wine Merchants and Chemists, at 10½d. and 1/6 per bottle. Post free for 1/9 direct from sole makers :

'O-T' LIMITED, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, S.E.

3/3 OLD turned into NEW Suit or Costume

NATIONAL TAILORING & REPAIRING Co.
HAMPSTEAD Rd LONDON, N.W.
LONDON'S LEADING VALETRY BUSINESS

To have your old or worn-out Suit, Overcoat or Costume turned into practically a new one, for a total cost of 3/3, is a wonderful offer. We even collect and deliver free within 12 miles of Charing Cross. Every grease mark is removed. Dust and dirt extracted. Worn parts renovated. Colour restored. Missing buttons replaced. Frayed or torn portions mended. All is finally 'Tailor pressed,' with seams and creases where they should be. Persons residing beyond the above radius, we pay carriage one way. Money returned if not satisfied. Write p.c. or 'phone NORTH 260. Don't delay, do it NOW.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET AND PRICE LIST

Star SAFETY RAZOR

AT THE FRONT AT THE BASE AT HOME—

in fact, wherever man shaves the "STAR" RAZOR will be his trusty and life-long friend.

It has a **FINE BLADE** made of SHEFFIELD STEEL and hollow ground.

NO REPLACEMENTS Required.

Write for Illustrated Booklet.

Our No. 1 S.S. Outfit just the thing for ACTIVE SERVICE. In neat Steel Shell case, composition covered & DAMP-PROOF, 6/6 (1 blade), 9/6 (2 blades), post paid, or our Guinea Set which includes a 'Star' Strop & Automatic Stropper, 21/- for business men. Other cases 5/6 to £5.

MARKT & CO. (London), LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 98/100, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.

REAL RAZOR BLADE GOOD FOR 20 YEARS

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty.

DEAR MR. CHURCHILL,—Apart from my view as to the treatment which should be accorded to German submarine crews already captured, I would suggest that in future these reckless sea bandits should share the fate of their boats. Neither justice nor humanity demands that the actual or potential murderers of helpless non-combatants should be saved alive. Moreover, a British vessel standing by to complete her task of mercy is necessarily exposed to grave risk of attack. Should a catastrophe of this kind occur the indignation of the public would be hard to appease. Death is the just penalty of piracy and murder, and in the present unexampled situation it should be unflinchingly applied.

JOHN BULL.

To the Lord Mayor of Liverpool.

MY LORD MAYOR,—In the matter of licensing restriction, the Corporation of Liverpool has adopted a plan which might with advantage be followed elsewhere. A substantial reduction of public-house hours has been effected with the entire concurrence of the trade. Of the necessity for such a step I can form no opinion, but the point is that by the exercise of a little tact and common-sense, a sweeping reform has been effected without the least friction or ill-will. The notion of inviting the licensed trade to set its own house in order has perhaps never occurred to the "temperance" faction, but I fancy that along some such lines the solution of many troublesome problems may be found.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Thomas Lipton, Bart.

DEAR SIR THOMAS,—I congratulate you upon the safe conclusion of your adventurous tour in the Near East, and I trust that your efforts to arouse sympathy with the fever-stricken population of Serbia may meet with a practical response. The conspicuous gallantry of our Serbian Allies has gone far to redeem their reputation in the eyes of Western Europe, and the news of their present sufferings will be received with genuine distress. In making yourself the medium of their appeal to the compassion of the British public you have rendered a service of no mean value, not only to the Serbian nation, but to the cause of the Allies.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss Dorothy Funston, Actress, Daly's Theatre.

CHARMING LADY,—You have my deepest sympathy, for you have indeed been gravely wronged. Without your permission, your photograph was lately displayed to the vulgar gaze upon the advertisement screen of the Victoria Palace Theatre, not singly, but in odious duplicate. Side by side with your true likeness there appeared an unsightly travesty of your pretty features in which, as you have since explained to the Court your double row of dental pearls was ruthlessly "scratched out." The unauthorised pictures were entitled respectively "before," and "with teeth"—thus conveying an impression which, for aught I know, may be entirely at variance with your molar experience. Of course, the whole thing was an advertisement devised by some horrid dentist, who has now been ordered to pay thirty pounds for his impudence. Had I been on the jury, I would have tried to make it guineas. Such cheeky dogs should smart.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Lyttelton, Headmaster, Eton.

DEAR DOCTOR,—What on earth induced you to meddle with the war? What do you—what *can* you—know about such things? Your duty is to teach "the young idea how to shoot"—in both a figurative and a literal sense. Telling the boys that we secured our Empire and our territorial possessions by discreditable means, and that we are a nation of hypocrites, won't do it. *Do* stick to your job!

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. James Sexton, Secretary, National Union of Dock Labourers.

SIR,—I am glad to recognise that in the course of recent labour disputes at Liverpool and elsewhere, your influence has been steadily exerted upon the patriotic side. You have warned the members of your Union that, at this juncture, the pursuit of a militant policy can only damage their interests and injure the prestige of their organisation. I am glad to know that your counsels of moderation have found general acceptance, and I warmly congratulate you upon the part you have played in a difficult and delicate situation.

JOHN BULL.

To the Reverend Edwin Child, Whitfield, Glos.

REV. SIR,—I take my hat off to you. I respect you deeply when you write that you will give five pounds to any person, your own family included, who, during the sixty years of your life, has ever seen you either under the influence of drink or with a tobacco pipe or cigar in your mouth. You, of all men, can be looked upon as the advocate of *true* temperance, and it gladdens my heart to hear you declare, "And I rejoice that they sent out 170,000 gallons of the finest rum to nerve the bodies, souls and spirits of our brave fellows during the long nights of rain, wind, frost, snow and slush." You voice my sentiments. Would that the tectotal fanatics had a tithe of your toleration!

JOHN BULL.

To Miss Sylvia Pankhurst.

DEAR SYLVIA,—Time was when I was wont to reprove your naughty deeds, but that was in a bygone age, or so it almost seems. Now, when most of us are trying to help the rest of us, I am happy to learn that you have found a useful job. Somewhere in East London you have established a toy factory where women and girls may be taught a useful craft and thus fitted to "do their bit" in the war upon Germany's trade. I like the look of your scheme and I am pleased to know that its success up-to-date has been all that you could desire. It is especially satisfactory to remark that you are able to pay good wages and generally to maintain reasonable conditions of labour.

JOHN BULL.

To W. S. Brown, Esq., Chairman, General Purposes Committee, London Insurance Committee.

SIR,—I gather that a senior official in the employ of your Committee has been suspended from duty for appearing in the King's uniform during office hours. This is a most extraordinary state of affairs, and I am by no means satisfied with your recent explanation of the matter. It seems that the ban upon khaki was pronounced by your Clerk, whose unfortunate action you are inclined to uphold. Why the sight of a military tunic should be obnoxious to this gentleman I am unable to guess, unless perhaps he is thereby reminded of the relative unimportance of his own services to the State. However, I am loth to think that his dislike of the livery of patriotism is shared by the Committee, and I anticipate the speedy removal of the present embargo.

JOHN BULL.

How to spend a happy Easter. Read page 66 of this week's "Everywoman's Weekly."

GETTING EGGSASPERATED!

The "Brooding" Eagle: "If some of these eggs don't hatch out soon, I shall begin to get annoyed!"

THE OLD AND THE NEW BRITAIN.

HOW GERMANY WOKE US UP—THE GOOD TIME COMING.

By T. Good.

[Mr. Good is one of the foremost authorities on industrial questions, and the following forceful article will be read with interest. It undoubtedly reflects the thoughts which are at present occupying the mind of the Man in the Street.]

We shall soon be living—indeed, we are already living—in a new Britain, thanks to the mad ambition of Germany's rulers on the one hand, and to the supremacy of our Navy, the courage of our troops, and the patriotic spirit of our people, on the other. Until the outbreak of this war it seemed that we modern Britishers had become very slack and slothful. Surfeited with sport, intoxicated with frivolity, and blinded with luxuries—the fruits of the labours of former generations—we appeared, until a few months ago, to be developing, if we had not already developed, into a nation of slackers and shirkers. The few, the very few, far-seeing and patriotic men left in the British Empire solemnly warned us of the impending danger. Our King, when Prince of Wales, begged us to "wake up!" Some of our profoundest thinkers implored us to work and drill and prepare for a titantic struggle. The German menace was put fairly and squarely before us. But we went on with our football, our billiards and our horse-racing.

Until Germany's mad plunge into war no thoughtful, far-seeing, patriotic Britisher could view the future with confidence. As a nation we were being rapidly overtaken, and in some respects we had already been out-distanced in the international race. Without a doubt we were in real danger of sinking to a third-rate position. In agriculture we were going backward. In most manufacturing trades we were merely marking time. We were so far failing to provide our people with employment that they were emigrating at the rate of 300,000 a year. Our loss of man-power in this respect was rapidly approaching the natural increase of population. We had come very nearly to the point of stagnation, while the population of Germany, for instance, was increasing by 800,000 a year.

And just as our workers were leaving us by the hundred thousand, so was our capital going abroad for investment by the hundred million.

The Great Fool Nation.

It is not very great exaggeration to say that we had become, up to the outbreak of this war, the great fool nation of the world. We present generation of Britishers inherited a splendid lead of all our contemporaries, industrially and imperially. Thirty years ago we were leagues ahead of all competitors in manufactures, in trade, in shipping, in finance and labour matters. But what had we done to maintain that lead? We had allowed foreigners, particularly the Germans, to dump their goods at the very gates of our works while our own men had starved or emigrated. We had, to our disgrace, readily purchased German products to the profound detriment of our own industries. While our competitors had been lavishly assisted by their Governments, about the only thing that our British traders had got from the British Government had been an increasing load of taxation. While our own producers had been taxed up to the eyes, a free and open market had been maintained for foreign goods. While our British goods had been produced under heavy rates and taxes at home and sold under heavy tariffs abroad, those of our foreign rivals had generally had the benefit of lower taxation in the country of production, and they had a toll-free market here. To our great detriment in excessive domestic taxation and the loss of our great lead in manufactures and exports, we had foolishly remained a nation of "Free Traders" in a world of Protectionists. Our agriculture had withered. Our manufactures had waned. Our manhood had wasted.

"To Hastening Ills a Prey."

We had sacrified our agriculture. We had neglected our manufacturers. We had let our capital and labour in enormous volumes go abroad, squeezed out by German dumped goods. We had left our ships unaided to compete against the subsidised vessels of other countries, particularly Germany. We had seen the German merchant marine grow within thirty years from an aggregate tonnage of less than 500,000 to more than 5,000,000. Relying upon German expressions of peaceful intentions, we actually began a few years ago to cut down our Navy expenditure, which was already the smallest in the world, relatively to the tonnage and value of our ocean commerce. We so reduced our shipbuilding programme that in 1908 we launched only 49,000 tons of new battleships against Germany's 87,000 tons. We so long neglected the barest military precautions that conscription was being seriously spoken of by some of our best thinkers. Imperially and industrially we seemed on the down grade.

A Timely Awakening.

Now, just in the nick of time as it were, we have been brought back to our senses. The old British spirit has not been dead, but only sleeping. Our young men have rallied to the old flag splendidly. Although we appeared long ago to have ceased to be a military nation; although we have had no practical experience of real war for generations; although we were not now invaded; although we had been persistently taught to rely upon our Navy; although this war was being conducted on the Continent where we had no stake that could be expected to appeal with particular strength to the masses of our people; although our Government were offering very meagre wages for fighters, and although our War Office was utterly unprepared to deal with recruiting on a large scale, our young fellows came forward in their hundreds of thousands. They came forward, be it noted, in the greatest numbers during those days when reports from the Front were the most pessimistic. Magnificent is the only word that fits the spectacle. It is the only word that can do justice to the practical patriotism displayed by our Colonies.

Thanks to Germany!

Splendid also are the efforts being taken by our manufacturers and shippers to regain the trade we have lately lost to Germany. We are taking a new lease of vigorous life. With the best of coal in abundance, with ample and convenient iron supplies, with mines, works and ports practically side by side, with a plethora of capital and skilled labour, with huge Colonies of inexhaustible resources—with every essential of progressive industrialism in men, money and materials—and with the biggest international rival paralysed, we are going to regain and retain that long lead of imperialism and commercialism to which we are entitled by virtue of our natural resources, geographical situation, shipping facilities, and our dependence upon an abnormal volume of manufactured exports to balance our abnormal imports of food and raw materials. We are awakened. We are aroused. We are going forward to fresh imperial and industrial victories—thanks to Germany!

This map shows the comparative distances from London of Ostend and of some English towns. London is in the exact centre of the map.

If the German Army were in Manchester.

IF the German Army were in Manchester, every fit man in the country would enlist without a moment's delay.

Do you realise that the German Army is now at Ostend, only 125 miles away—or 40 miles nearer to London than is Manchester?

How much nearer must the Germans come before you do something to stop them?

The German Army must be beaten in Belgium. The time to do it is now.

Will you help? Yes?. Then enlist TO-DAY.

God Save the King.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are at present stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once afford temporary relief—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional circumstances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

The following is a synopsis of typical cases relieved during the past week:—

"Wife" of a cook's mate in the Navy, before the outbreak of hostilities used to go out to work, her "husband" allowing her 25s. a month. Preparations were made for marriage last August, but were not carried out owing to the sudden order to rejoin the ship. A little Jack Tar has now appeared on the scene, and the mother consequently has not only lost her work, but finds herself in financial difficulties. We have helped to put matters straight.

South African veteran has again taken up arms in France, leaving his wife in receipt of only 12s. 6d. a week, including his allotment of pay. She is a confirmed invalid, confined to her bed, and has to pay a girl to look after her. Obviously, the official allowance is much too small for a case like this.

Soldier, ruptured whilst drilling, was given sick leave, being told that he could have a pass to go home, but would have to pay his own fare. Sevenpence a day having been stopped from his pay whilst in hospital, he was unable to find the money. It is to be hoped that the many cases of a similar description, which we have brought to the notice of the Government will induce them to take a more humane course with soldiers on leave, by granting them free railway passes. In this and other instances, we have seen that the men are able to rejoin their wives and families.

Wife of a soldier, who has been in the hardest fighting since October last, is left with two children, one a baby and the other a delicate boy of school age. Her Separation Allowance, including allotment of pay, amounts to a guinea a week. The elder of the youngsters requires much nourishment and careful attention. The baby died last week, and the poor woman was heartbroken because she did not know how to give the little one a decent funeral. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association refused help. We did not.

Wife of a sailor receives a small allotment of pay, which in ordinary circumstances was quite sufficient to keep herself and child. She was, however, stricken with sickness, and required extra comforts. Application to recognised philanthropic societies met with no response, so we came to her assistance.

Widowed mother has three sons serving at the Front—two married, and, in consequence, unable to make her an allotment of pay, although when they were in civil life they used to give her a few shillings weekly. The other lad, being single, affords the regulation deduction. The Government allowance being much too small, she has appealed against it. Pending the decision, we have assisted her to live.

Married man, with two children, joined the Navy on 20th February. He made an allotment of pay, but was told that it would be some weeks before his wife would receive it. Inquiries showed that the woman was in great distress; therefore we rendered help, and instructed her how to get an advance from the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association.

Unofficial wife of a soldier has three children, all of school age. The couple had lived together for twelve years. Upon attestation, the man stated that he was single—which, of course, he was. When the time came to claim dependents' allowance, such difficulties were raised that the woman and her children were reduced to starvation. We have, therefore, come to their rescue, both with money and advice.

Guardsman, with wife and four children, was wounded at Mons and returned to this country. Got better and rejoined his regiment. Took part in several engagements and was subsequently taken prisoner of war. Wife has received several communications from him asking her to send food, which the small Separation Allowance does not admit of. We therefore supplied her with the necessary.

Married man has been invalided from the service. Although he has four children, not only is his pay now stopped, but the separation allowance also—and this though he is quite unfit for work. The Government must be more sympathetic in such cases as this. We have, of course, done what we could.

As usual, during the week we have been the means of assisting many soldiers to get married by Special Licence, in order that the women—and in some cases children—may be saved from stigma.

To many friendless prisoners of war in Germany who have made to us urgent appeals for food, we have sent money orders. Reading between the lines of their letters, it is only too easy to see that they are undergoing many preventable hardships.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"22 Liverpool," 5s.; C. L., 2s.; "Constant Reader," 1s.; "Little Johnnie," 16s.; P. A., 3s.; W. B., 2s. 6d.; A. H., 2s. 6d.; F. G., 6d.; S. P. (Ipswich), 4s.; J. M., £1 11s.; Mrs. E. G., 5s.; S. E. B., 2s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; J. P. (Yorks), 1s. 6d.; M. A. F., 10s.; E. J., W. D., and A. J., 3s.; "Anxious for Something," 1s.; Anon., 6d.; W. E. C., J.P., 1s.; "Proceeds of Whist Drive" (St. Michael's Men's Club), 15s.; J. L., 5 dollars; The Petty Officers of H.M.S. *Seahorse* (2nd contribution), £1; "Yangtsze," 2s. 6d.; "Dulwich," 2s. 6d.; M. D., 2s. 6d.; A. S. D., 1s.; Anon., £1; "Erin," 1s.; D. M., 1s.; G. S. W. (Calcutta), £2; F. H. W., 2s. 6d.; F. A. C., 1s.; H. M., 6d.; "Old Age Pensioner," 2s.; H. R. C., 1s.; M. A. R., £1 11s.; B. G., 1s.; J. M., 5s. 6d.; F. B. P., 1s. 6d.; C. M., 6d.; E. F. P., 4s. 6d.; "Anxious" (Newcastle), 1s.; "Ignorant," 1s.; "In Memory of Una," 2s. 6d.; S. N., 1s.; R. W. W., 1s. 4d.; "Hef. Bee," 3s. 4d.; A. B., 2s. 6d.; "Jay," 5s.; "A Disputed Bet," £1; P. H., 1s.; E. M. T., 2s. 6d.; G. J. O., 1s.; W. S., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. B., 5s.; "Result of a Bet," 2s. 6d.; G. B. (Woolwich), 5s.; D. C. M., 2s.; A. C., 1s. 6d.; "Archie" (per J. C.), £1; "Poster," 2s.; A. N., 10s.; "Winnings of World's Fight" (per H. C.), 10s.

Mrs. N. Warne, the winner of our first prize in "Bullets" Competition No. 126, has kindly sent us £5.

We have received 3s. 4d. from competitors in our 128th "Bullets" Competition, representing the poundage on postal orders.

HOSTEL FUND.

F. S. (Odessa), 10s.

Sunshine given free every week in "Everywoman's Weekly."

A Mistake
made by
Some Dog Owners

is to associate the name of Spratt's with every type of Dog Food.

This fact has been taken advantage of by some firms who advertise their Foods under fancy names only, which is misleading to the public.

If you wish to safeguard your Dog and your own pocket you should always specify Spratt's, who make a Biscuit for every breed and will be pleased to forward a copy of their "Biscuit Book" with samples on request.

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE NAME

SPRATT'S and Trade Mark X

SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., 24/25, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

For strength & economy

There is no better lamp made than Osram. It shows an all-round saving in lighting bills and lamp renewals. Gives the most brilliant illumination.

Osram
DRAWN WIRE
Lamps

Made at Hammersmith, London, W. Obtainable from all leading Electricians, Ironmongers and Stores. *Wholesale only* The General Electric Company, Ltd., Head Office, 67, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Say "Sailor" and get the Best Salmon

If you want the best cut of the finest salmon, take no risks. Insist upon "Sailor" Slice.
To ask for "Sailor" and accept ordinary tinned salmon instead is like asking for rump-steak and getting flank.

You can tell by the rich red colour that "Sailor" is the finest salmon; you can tell by the firm yet tender flesh, and the creamy salmon fat, that "Sailor" was caught in season; you can tell by the rare and delicate fresh flavour that "Sailor" is the salmon for you. It is cooked in *sealed* tins.

Sailor
SALMON SLICE

Sold with a £500 guarantee.
"Say 'NO' to Sabot tastes."

½d. and your grocer's name and address will bring you a half-tin post free if he does not sell it.

ANGUS WATSON & CO.,
Newcastle-on-Tyne

AS GOOD AS SKIPPER (Norwegian) SARDINES.

Bovril develops big reserves of strength

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE TRIPLESS EASTER.

Working Man: Well, I'm damned!

Pecksniffian Party (*raising his hand*): Hush, friend! Such words are always unseemly, but in such times as these we are living in they are positively wicked.

Working Man (*pointing with disgust at a paragraph in his newspaper*): It's enough to make a chap say damn, I should think, if not somethink worse. Look 'ere—there won't be no cheap excursions this Easter.

Pecksniffian Party: And quite right, too! The idea of trips to the seaside when we are in the throes of an awful war! Only the utterly callous would patronise such things while Europe is being deluged in blood.

Working Man: W'y? Wotter they to do, then?

Pecksniffian Party: Do? What are they to do? Why, rest soberly at home, in a spirit of prayer and humiliation.

Working Man: Wot, after working pretty near night and day, seven days a week, for six months? Rest *soberly* at 'ome? Pleasant change that would be, wouldn't it? I *don't* think. 'Sides, there's the missus an' the kids.

Pecksniffian Party: It is right that all should give up something at a time of national crisis.

Working Man: P'raps it is. But w'y should it always be the working-class wot 'ave to give up somethink? Knockin' orf the excursions ain't no 'ardship fur the nobs.

Pecksniffian Party: The interests of the country come before everything. I understand the War Office require the full use of the railways and will not permit excursion trains to be run.

Working Man: Thet's orl bunkum. Wot do the War Office want with the Brighton line, f'r instance? They on'y send a few troops from Noo'aven now an' then, an' some wounded to the Pavilion. It wouldn't interfere with the War Office to put on a couple of early mornin' excursion trains to Brighton. I know wot I'm torkin' erbout. I'm workin' at Woolwich Arsenal—doin' my bit. I wanted to join up, an' they wouldn't let me. Sed I wos servin' King an' Country as much at the bench as I would be in the trench. An' yet the bloomin' railway companies won't let me an' the missus an' the kids 'ave a day at the seaside to git a blow. I tell yer, it ain't the War Orfice, it's the railway companies.

Pecksniffian Party: Why should they forego excursion profits if they are not forbidden to run the trains?

Working Man: They ain't goin' to forgo no profits, give you my word. Ain't the Guv'ment undertook to make up their profits to the last three years' average?

Pecksniffian Party: Well, yours is a glorious privilege to work in such a cause, my man.

Working Man: I know. Wot sorter work do *you* do, may I awsk?

Pecksniffian Party (*colouring slightly*): I—er—have no settled occupation, exactly. Hither Green, I believe, is it not? Good-day!

£10 FOR A COPY OF "JOHN BULL."

The copy of John Bull, dated March 6th, and bearing the number 899,572, in respect of which £10 had been offered, has been forwarded to us by Mr. G. Cawburn, of 27, St. Margarets Avenue, Withington, Manchester, to whom a cheque for £10 has accordingly been sent. We are now offering a similar sum for the copy numbered 915,462, dated March 27th, 1915.

LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

UNDER THE RED CROSS.

At close of day, near Ypres town,
The Germans made a fierce attack;
Outnumbered, when the sun went down,
The British, fighting still, drew back—
'Twas then they found an officer
Had fallen, wounded, on the field,
His stricken body left upon
The ground they had been forced to yield.

A listening surgeon uprose straight,
"If out there lies a wounded man,
His is a case that must not wait,
And I will find him if I can."
Nought could be seen but pitchy dark,
Thunder of shot the only sound,
Away he stole without remark,
Crawling across the rugged ground.

On hands and knees he, creeping, went,
Dogged in search that did not stay,
Until he came where, stiff and spent,
The wounded man unconscious lay.
Unless the blood-flow could be stayed
The man would perish on the ground,
In dark the doctor paused, afraid,
Because the wound could not be found.

'Twas courting death to show a light,
The foe were all upon the watch
When he, who knew the sick man's plight,
Sublimely reckless, struck a match.
In one brief instant he had traced
The wound from whence the life-blood slipped,
With skilful fingers firmly placed,
The severed artery he gripped.

And in the ice-cold hours that crept
Through lagging night till morn began,
The surgeon with still fingers kept
And held the life within the man.
Oh! high in honour hold we still
As bravest even of the brave,
The men who do not seek to kill,
The men who only seek to save!

Ricardo.

CONDITIONS OF OUR FREE WAR INSURANCE

FOR CIVILIANS.

Claims must be received by us within seven days of the injury and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £15,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one town.

This insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service*—for whom other special provision is made in the manner set out on page 28.

Each member of a family desiring to be insured must fill up a separate coupon. The extra copies may, of course, be distributed. They will be eagerly received by our soldiers and sailors, at home or abroad, or will be equally welcomed by the inmates of hospitals, military, naval or civil.

FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

No more than one sum of £10 will be paid on any person's life, and in the event of more than one claim in connection with a single life being made, the amount will be paid to the nearest relative or relatives, or may, in the discretion of the Editor, be divided amongst the claimants in such proportion as he may consider fair.

Payments will be made the first week in each month.

We limit our total payment under the scheme to £500 per month. If more claims are received, the sum will be distributed *pro rata*.

The decision of the Editor in all matters appertaining to or arising out of the scheme is to be absolutely final.

To benefit under the two schemes, which are entirely distinct, a separate coupon must be filled up for each

Introduce the kiddies to Billy Blowaway in "Everywoman's Weekly." Now on Sale.

Can you answer these questions?

Every man engaged in business ought to know the answers to these questions. Do YOU know them all?

YOU will probably find it quite easy to answer most of these questions, but unless you are a rare and brilliant exception, you will find several others a good deal more difficult. Some of them, indeed, may be altogether beyond you.

And yet, you will agree, they are all questions that you might have to answer any day in your own business. So—if only out of curiosity—run through the list and see how many you can answer correctly.

20 SPECIMEN QUESTIONS.

1. What is the exact purpose of a ledger?
2. What do these signs mean: "E. and O. E.," "F.A.S.," and "G.A."?
3. How would you open a branch?
4. What is a consignment note?
5. Do you know how to organise a furniture sale?
6. Do you understand office organisation?
7. How would you organise a Christmas Bazaar?
8. Can loss incurred in extension of premises be deducted in income tax return?
9. How and when is a judgment summons issued?
10. What is the cost of registering a limited company?
11. What is the rule about doubtful debts in assessing income tax?
12. Do you know how to take out a patent?
13. Must a receipt be in writing to be valid?
14. Are shop counters legally tenants' or landlords' "fixtures"?
15. How and when can you claim for loss of an article sent by registered post?
16. How would you prove whether special window-dressing paid or not?
17. How would you draw up a selling scheme?
18. How does a secured creditor in bankruptcy abandon his security?
19. If you cash a forged bank note, can you recover from your customer?
20. How can you recover debts at court without the expense of a solicitor or collecting agency?

HOW MANY DID YOU ANSWER?

Well, how have you come through this examination in business knowledge? You must not forget that the knowledge of these facts and of many other facts like them is absolutely necessary to you if you mean to succeed. If you are in business for yourself you know how useful you would find it to be able to answer any business problem that arose; if you are working for others, you must realise that your employer will value you more highly if he knows he can go to you for information when he needs it.

And that is why the "Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser" is so valuable a work—because it contains information about every point in business life. With it by your side you can answer any question about business that is put to you. For instance, you can answer all the questions that you have just asked yourself. You will find the full purpose of a ledger in the article on Ledgers, Vol. III., page 294. Under "Abbreviations," you will find the meaning of every symbol and sign that is used in business to-day. The third question you will solve by looking up a fine article by S. J. Waring, J.P., of Waring and Gillow, Ltd., and so on with all the other questions; and, in fact, with any question about anything relating to business. Thus, if you want hints and ideas for a Bazaar (question 7), you will find many valuable suggestions by Mr. A. W. Gamage.

HOW THIS CONCERNS YOU.

These questions may not have arisen in your business, but others do, and if you think it would mean anything to you to know at once what to say or do in every emergency, you should send the coupon below for a handsome illustrated book on Business, telling all about the "Business Encyclopædia," and giving the names of the successful business men who have written it. It also tells how any reader of JOHN BULL may obtain the complete work in seven volumes for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, and pay the balance in small monthly payments. Sending the coupon commits you to nothing. Is such an opportunity one you should miss?

All the information you get from the "Business Encyclopædia" is up-to-date and reliable, for its contributors include many of the most successful business men of the day, among them being such famous men as Richard Burbidge (Managing Director Harrod's Stores), S. F. Edge (the well-known Motor Expert), John Lawrie (Managing Director William Whiteley, Ltd.), Sir Joseph Lyons (Managing Director J. Lyons and Co., Ltd.), H. G. Selfridge (Founder of Selfridge's, Ltd.), Wareham Smith (Advertisement Director of the *Daily Mail*), etc.

CAN YOU WRITE GOOD LETTERS?

Moreover, in addition to all these advantages the "Business Encyclopædia" contains over 1,000 model letters, forms and agreements, any one of which might save you many pounds in legal expenses or bring you in a rich harvest of orders. There is a letter to meet every emergency that can arise in *your* business. Think how valuable this section alone could be to *you!*

TWO OPINIONS.

J. S. FRY & SONS, LTD., write:—

"We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work. It is the work *par excellence* for every business man to possess."

Mr. M. T. KNIGHTBRIDGE, Clerk, Billericay, Essex:—

"I am sure I shall never regret purchasing the 'Business Encyclopædia.' It is a good investment for any business man, and to the young man with ambition to succeed it is indispensable."

A FREE BOOK.

This Coupon entitles you to one free copy of the book on Business Success, but it should be sent at once. It tells all about the work and how you may obtain the complete work in nine volumes for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

To the CAXTON PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
54, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me one complimentary copy of the book describing the "Business Encyclopædia."

Name .....
(Send this form or a postcard.)

Address .....

.....

FREE WAR INSURANCE FOR CIVILIANS.

PROVISION FOR THE RELIEF OF CIVILIAN SUFFERERS.—ALL WAR RISKS COVERED.

Every class of the community—" tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor," and everyone else—can now benefit by the great Patriotic Schemes.

Just as we were the only journal assisting practically those deprived of a breadwinner in the Army or Navy, so are we the first to recognise that civilians stood in grave danger of injury either to life, limb or property. The result was the formation of our great Insurance Scheme, covering civilians against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk. Many of our readers are filling up coupons not only for themselves but for their wives and families. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of age or sex*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. The ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection against war risks.

We have endeavoured to make our insurance as simple as possible, and for this reason we shall not bother about any " legal representative " or " next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. You may either fill in the coupon which will be found on page ii. of our cover, which will keep you insured for one week, and must be renewed weekly; or, to avoid the necessity of doing this, you may sign the Newsagent Order form below, which will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme remains in force.

WHAT WE PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out on page 24, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged, or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£100
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

For conditions of this insurance and of our insurance gifts for soldiers and sailors, see page 24.

OUR FREE WAR INSURANCE COUPON.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign the following form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To Mr. or Mrs. ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice

Signed.....

.....

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

April 3, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON FOR CIVILIAN INSURANCE.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

Mr. or Mrs. .....*Newsagent o*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death :—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

April 3, 1915. .....

INSURANCE GIFTS FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

TO RELATIVES OF ALL MEN KILLED IN THE WAR, INCLUDING MERCHANT SEAMEN.

For those looking for support to our brave soldiers and sailors we are pleased to be able to announce the following benefits :—

Grants of £10 will be made to the dependents or relations (wives, parents, next-of-kin, etc.), of British-born subjects killed in serving their King and Country. In the event of the person named in the coupon being killed :—

(*a*) By direct act of war at the Front. (*b*) By direct act of war at Sea. (*c*) By direct act of war on active service in the United Kingdom. (*d*) By hostile aircraft, submarine or mine.

Merchant service seamen are also included. To attain the advantages of this unique scheme it is only necessary to place a definite order with a newsagent for the regular delivery of this journal, and to have such order registered with us—forms for the purpose will be found below. The person named on the coupon as the recipient of the money will be entitled to it as from the date of the sending of the order form. The first part of the coupon, when filled in, must be left with the newsagent and the duplicate posted to us, the envelope being addressed " Soldiers' and Sailors' Department." Notification of death must be made to us in writing as soon as it is known to the claimant, and it must also have appeared in one of the Casualty Lists issued by the War Office or Admiralty, or in an official communication from one of these departments (or from the shipowner, in the case of merchant seamen), and such list or communication must be produced as evidence.

The few simple conditions governing this insurance gift will be found on page 24.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' RELATIVES COUPON.

To be handed to Newsagent.

To Mr. or Mrs. _____ *Newsagent*

_____

Please deliver " JOHN BULL " to me regularly until further notice.

*Signed*_____

_____

(This portion to be handed to the Newsagent.)

APRIL 3, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

To be posted to SAILORS' and SOLDIERS' DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

*Mr. or Mrs.*_____*Newsagent, of*

_____

and I desire to benefit under your free scheme in the event of the death on active service of

_____

_____

(Signed) *Name* _____
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

*Address*_____

_____

APRIL 3, 1915.

This is the cover of No. 2

OUT NOW.

CONTAINS

the most wonderful collection of Spring Fashions in Hats ever published.

MANY

other new and useful features of vital interest to every woman and girl.

EVEN BETTER THAN No. 1.

TWELVE GUINEA HATS GIVEN AWAY.

No. 2 Everywoman's Weekly. Now Out.

No woman or girl who wishes to be up-to-date should be without a copy of this Grand Millinery Number.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.—GET YOUR COPY NOW.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE EDITOR desires to thank the numerous readers who sent him congratulations on his birthday—March 23rd.

S. B. L. (Bodmin).—Who, or what, is this "R. J. D." you mention as having written in your local paper some very disparaging remarks concerning ourselves and our triumphant meeting at the Albert Hall? Isn't he just a small but spiteful thorn crackling feebly under a pot? Don't let him worry you. He cannot worry us.

"MANY THANKS" (Reading).—We note that our article in the *Sunday Pictorial* was read at your Spiritualist Church in place of a lecture, and are glad to gather that the innovation was a success.

A. G. S. (London) points out that the closing day of our Empire Recruiting Campaign was the 266th anniversary of the execution of Charles I. Thank goodness, despite our great reception, we did not lose our head.

J. N. K. (Huddersfield).—We said as plainly as possible that we had not got our eye on the Battersea constituency. Our visit there was purely for recruiting purposes.

"BEN" (Mile End, E.).—We have never stated that we were prepared to lay 20 to 1 that the war would be over in three months. This bloody conflict is not the sort of thing we would care to bet on.

W. E. T. (Liverpool).—Glad you appreciated our appreciation of the mercantile mariner, and we forgive you for what you said in your haste.

J. W. (London, S.E.).—Are we to understand that you and your 249 mates struck work because the Government would not pay you more than 5s. 3d. per day for harness making? Pretty patriots!

L. H. C. (Reading).—We think that girls might very well be employed for the lighter sorting work in the Post Office, and thereby release hundreds of young men who are anxious to enlist but cannot obtain permission. And would not the dears enjoy peeping at the postcards!

W. C. A. (E. Dulwich).—A glance at the map of Europe will show you in what respect the German railways are strategical. Note, for example, how one set of lines converges towards Paris.

I. J. R. (Wimbledon Park) wants us to appeal to British women to stop buying from tradesmen of German origin or German name. It is a wise man who does not interfere in a woman's domestic arrangements.

"CURIOSITY" (Bristol).—Rumour has it that "Little Willie," the German Clown Prince, is in disgrace with his august father, the All Highest Hun, and has been banished for a while. We hope so, in case not.

J. C. (Clapton, N.E.).—If the assistants at the Church Army Recreation Huts at the Base Camps in France are not even permitted to smoke, let alone partake of a tiddley at the fountain, what boon companions they must be for the Tommies.

L. L.—So you think the Pope of Rome deserves one of our plain Open Letters for his "disgraceful telegram to the Kaiser, beginning 'Confident of the feeling of Christian Charity which animates your Majesty.'" We suspect he was only pulling the Kaiser's leg.

J. C. (Glasgow).—A strict account is kept in connection with our Human Document Fund, and is separately audited. Are you a subscriber?

L. G. G. (H.M.S. *Dido*) asks us, through our "enormously read paper," to express the thanks of the crew to all who sent them gifts of fruit, tobacco, etc. And very nice too.

"A COVENANTER" (Antrim).—"I wish you were at the head of affairs directing our Parliament what to do." Does anyone know a cure for blushing?

"A POOR MAN'S WIFE" (Mitcham).—The Government are not entirely to blame for the present high cost of living. It is the greed and unpatriotism of the wholesaler that are largely responsible.

"RHINORES" (Co. Cork).—"Doubtless but there will be guns for firing bombs from aeroplanes in the future." Doubtless. Pity your photo was not included amongst those of the men who warned the Government of the present war. But neither was ours, for that matter.

W. G. (Bermondsey).—We should be inclined to resist payment to the Gas Co. for the maintenance of your (or, rather, *their*) lamps outside your shop, which the police forbid you to light until the war is over. But don't go to law unless you can afford it. And who *can* afford that luxury?

J. M. (Stockton).—You should concern yourself with the *future* history of Germany; it will be more interesting than the past.

J. C. (Lightbourne).—We fear your suggestion of "a piece of chilled steel" ⅜ in. thick, to be used as a shield by the men at the Front, will receive a cold reception at the War Office. You mention the Navy also. We doubt if our Jack Tars would care to be seen parading the deck holding a shield in front of their faces. Now, a tankard of ale would be different.

F. B. (H.M.S. *Invincible*).—It was certainly foolish to light a candle to find a pair of socks "when action was sounded." You might all have got "socks" of another colour. No stamps were enclosed in your letter. Good luck!

"WREXHAM."—You should enlist at once. You would soon have found out under which Government you were the better off had the Berlin Butcher succeeded in his villainous schemes.

"THOMAS ATKINS" (Heaton Park).—What sort of a Thomas Atkins can *you* be, anyway, when you dispute that "Halt, Who *goes* there?" is the correct form of challenge? Why, even the youngest Boy Sprout would not be guilty of saying "Halt! Who *comes* here?" "Where are you going to my pretty maid?" is probably more your mark.

"AUDAC" (West Hartlepool).—H.M.S. —— (deleted by Censor), which was rumoured to have been sunk off the coast of Ireland, is now rumoured to be afloat again and ready for sea. This will give the Germs a nasty jar.

R. S. (Northampton) asks us to sell for him a piece of shell fired by the Huns into Scarborough. We don't deal in old iron.

A. A. (off Cowes).—So mercantile mariners engaged in naval transport work are being badly left in the matter of leave. We are trying to find a man without a grievance, but the search promises to be as difficult as that for an honest lawyer.

"MARATHON" (Oatlands Park).—Whether Dorando did or did not win the Marathon Race at the Stadium, it must be pretty obvious to most Britishers that the Yankees have not altogether played the game in the matter of the war. They appear to be under the dictatorship of the dollar.

J. P. (Bathgate).—"If it be that we must needs go to Hell and try conclusions with the Devil, let us go with a fixed purpose, to fight to the death, and make no more friends with him." Which devil do you mean—the German variety, or the far more respectable gentleman who rules the nether regions?

W. H. B. (Nash).—We advise you to steer clear of Hayes Common at night if the sentries there are so jumpy. We daresay they have the right to challenge, but they are supposed to do it like sensible soldiers, not like lunatics.

P. S. (H.M.S. *Endeavour*).—Sorry to hear Princess Mary's Xmas gift did not reach the crew of your vessel. She would be very much annoyed if she knew.

W. H. (B'ham).—Fancy you will win your wager of £5,000 to £250 that the Germans will not succeed in dropping a bomb within the boundary of the City of Birmingham during 1915. Who holds the stakes?

W. D. (Burbage).—Should have thought it was obvious that immediately a country takes up arms and engages in conflict with an aggressor, its neutrality automatically ceases. Thus was it with Belgium.

F. M. D. (Cardiff).—The Rev. J. Donnelly, M.A., Glenone, Co. Derry, to whom we addressed a jovial Open Letter congratulating him upon his enlistment, needs none of your defending, and your threats to influence against us the A.O.H., the Foresters, and the U.I.L., leave us with normal temperature. Try a leek, since you are living in Cardiff.

Does your wife want a new toque—free? See this week's "Everywoman's Weekly."

"JUSTITIA."—A cartoon depicting Mr. McKenna as a crossing-sweeper making the path more clear for the Kaiser? And splashing Kitchener with some of the mud, eh?

"TOTAL ABSTAINER" (Sheffield).—It is refreshing to learn from a teetotaler who has been wounded at the Front that the "anti-rum for Tommy" agitation is distasteful, being based upon pumpuritan lies. Tommy deserves his daily tablespoonful of Old Jamaica, and it does him good, no doubt.

"ANGLO-SCOTT" (Glasgow).—You are a long way out. Far more Irish Nationalists have enlisted than would "suffice to go round a dog fight." Be just, if you can't be generous. And why two t's in Anglo-Scot? You will have some pedantic Glaswegian down on you if you don't mind.

F. B. (Sandiacre).—We think you are unjust to the Special Constables as a body. As regards their smoking while on duty, have you never seen a regular P.C. having a whiff on the quiet? We have—and thought little the worse of him.

C. H. W. (Middleton Junction).—"Why have the Government let 80 aliens out from the Internment Camp at Lancaster?" Blest if we know. Ask McKenna—or is it Kitchener?

C. B. M. (Kilburn, N.W.).—If it should come to conscription, a special medal for the volunteers who joined up before, is a good notion. This might be better than discriminating between the volunteer and conscript in the matter of pay and privileges.

R. M. (Seacombe).—"Is it not time that our Royal Family was finished with foreign alliances and rather marry into the British aristocracy?" You may be sure nothing would please the unmarried members of the Royal Family better, if it could be arranged. Anyhow, no Huns for generations.

"ENGINEER'S WIFE" (Hull).—When we wrote in praise of the part the mercantile mariner is playing in this great war, we certainly included in our mind the "Black Squad"—engineers and firemen. So please don't be peevish.

F. H. (Forest Gate).—Make it your business to get on the soft side of the bailiff, since he appears to wield so much power. Has he a daughter, like his famous *confrère* of Islington?

T. J. F. (Notting Hill, W.).—7¾d. per hour is not a big wage for a mechanic, but think of the honour of working for your country in stirring times like these. Tommy in the trenches gets a "bob" a day, remember, and sometimes a bit of lead into the bargain.

"SEAHORSE" (Aberdeen).—As requested, your ruddy cheek is hereby excused. You apparently know something of what you are talking about.

"YARMOUTH"—Truly it is absurd that one should have to pay a licence for a male gardener, who may be merely a converted farm labourer, whereas the law permits one to employ a lady gardener free, gratis, and for nothing. Hardly complimentary to the gentle horticulturist, is it?

"OLD READER" (Bargoed).—For situation as civilian clerk apply to the Permanent Secretary, War Office, Whitehall. For situation in Army Pay Dept. apply at the nearest recruiting office.

H. M. K. (Aylesbury) asserts that Mr. Runciman gave permission for live Danish cattle to be imported into this country last August, although foot and mouth disease was rampant in Denmark. Perhaps that accounts for the cow with the crumpled horn.

J. L. (Port Stanley).—Thanks for your merry letter from the Falkland Islands. Like yourself, we have no penchant for penguin eggs, so the fact that your City Fathers have newly laid a tax on them leaves us cold.

W. W. (Bow).—Your boy's drawing of John Bull is not so bad for eleven years of age, but the bull-dog looks rather snorty.

A. A. (Frodsham).—We see nothing desperately wicked in a firm of medicated wine manufacturers offering doctors a small fee for experimenting with their product and making a report. As regards patients being experimented upon with the stuff, even that does not move us to violent indignation. Experiment is, and always has been, the essence of medical science, has not it?

J. C. (Staley, S. O.) asks us to do him "a grate favour," and then proceeds to heap coals of fire on our head.

"REGULAR READER" (Belfast).—So the Ulster Unionists do *not* boo and hoot the National Anthem. Praise the saints!

"JUSTICE"—You do not appear to be so grateful to the Belgians as they deserve. The Belgian refugees of military age are now going back to join the colours. Did you begrudge them their rest in England after all they went through? If so, you have chosen the wrong *nom de plume*.

H. (Clapham Junct.) has written a "Poem on the War," beginning "Swiftly the Allies advance to meet the Germhun foe, The British Navy steams ahead with brave John Jellicoe." The price of the same is only one penny.

W. C. (Birkenhead).—We are surprised that a man of your apparent intelligence should repeat the sickening clap-trap about the workers of this country having little or nothing to lose by an invasion of the Huns. It is really too absurd for argument. As regards the action of the National Union of Railway-men withholding the death allowance and orphan benefits from the widows and children of members killed at the Front, it cannot, in our opinion, be defended. Those gallant men who have given their lives for their country, *and for their fellow-workers*, had paid in their share, had they not?

A. B. (Stockport).—C. Mayne, 9, Bowron's Avenue, Alperton, Middlesex, who advertises that at 22 he has reached the height of his ambition, and offers to sell the "Secrets of Success" to his less fortunate brothers, is either suffering from swelled head or working a wangle.

"ENVELOPE" (M[illegible]gate).—We are horrified to learn that the wife of an M.P. used a House of Commons envelope in which to send you a cheque in settlement of an account. What with that, and the £400 a year—well, pop goes the weasel!

A. C. (Coventry).—We have repeatedly advised readers to have nothing to do with bonus-tea firms. In the distribution of bonus they exhaust time and encroach on eternity.

W. F. (Salford).—". . . . But all the rest must decide, To go and fight to keep up Britain's pride, They must answer Kitchener's appeal, And go over the Bloodstained battlefield." As you truthfully observe, "So no more at present, yours truly."

"ABERDEEN" (Aberdeen).—It depends upon whether you mean profit on cost or on turnover. There is no such thing as 100 per cent. profit, even if you obtain the article you sell for nothing.

C. P. J. (Treharris).—Quite time the Committee of the Edwards Ville (Treharris) Distress Fund (November, 1913) published a duly audited Balance Sheet if this has not yet been done.

W. B. (Egmanton) sends us "a few lines as a small token of appreciation." Some of the token states, "I like you for your courage, John. Your loyalty has stood the test, Let King and Country be your song, Our Empire is the best." If he had said, "And glorious is your chest" we should have fainted.

F. W. J. S. (Maidstone) dares us to publish the identity of the Editor of the *New Age*. Wait till we've plucked up the courage.

S. F. B. (Tenbury Wells).—Would not you rather have the tax taken off beer than put on cider, and so level things up that way?

R. B. MCLEAN (Newburyport, U.S.A.).—We would like to see the india-rubber pad that a modern rifle bullet could not pierce at a thousand yards. To be of any use to our Tommies it would need to be about a foot thick, and would make them look like an army of Bibendums.

E. M. (King's Lynn).—Are we to understand that the trashy necklaces were sold or given away by the "Yankee Millionaire" at the New Theatre Royal in your town?

"JEAN" (Brighton).—"The address of the 'Police Women's' Staff Quarters"? We did not know they carried them.

"CONSTANT READER."—"You mean say that every man from 18 years to 30 years of age that is not in uniform is a slacker. I think that is a defination of character towards a man." And a very good "defination" too, in a great many cases.

"COUSIN JACK" (Cornwall).—We note that John Gambles—or is it Hansen and Gibbs?—of Nottingham, is now trying to get rid of "3 small bales of Greaseproof." This looks as though the two "firms" have at last disposed of the "3 small bales of Kraft" that have worried them so long.

"CONSTANT READER" (Jo'burg).—If that is the way they feed you for a shilling in Jo'burg, we must come out when the war is over and have a peek with you.

H. H. (Fulham, S.W.).—"I'll go one, said Austria."—What, again? That is about the ten thousandth time.

MRS. R. C. (Victoria Park).—All your moral preaching and all the carefully selected Scriptural texts you hurl at our devoted head cannot alter the sheer, physical fact that man naturally is a polygamous animal. We do not say it is right for him to indulge his natural instincts. We merely state what science knows to be true.

J. J. (Widnes) declares that, when coming home from Chile, he "was treated with Electric Shocks Daily & nightly & could plainly hear voices. Blown with a terrific pain in my ear & continued till now." Better consult an ear, nose, throat, and *brain* specialist.

A. S. (Edinburgh) tells us that the animal "that clings to a tree upside down" is the Flying Fox of Java. We don't doubt the existence of the flying fox, but it surprises us to learn that the trees to which it clings are upside down. No wonder it clings.

(Continued on page 30.)

Another Great "Bullets" Prize offer—increase in prizes.

John Bull's Letter Bag—(continued).

W. W. (Liverpool).—We are quite in the dark concerning that ball at "Jack Sparrows" and the subsequent meeting at Limehouse. Mr. "Zakaria Studiardo" must be either a joker, a designing foreigner, or is a little crumbly on the roof.

S. T. J. (Jamaica).—So the notorious sharks, Williams and Lloyd, are "working" the West Indies now. If they find any victims in Jamaica it will be rum.

Wanda Schachna, your cousin Regina Rapp, of 1231, Maplewood Avenue, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A., would like to hear from you.

M. B. (Dudley).—A nun may not break her vow of chastity without a special dispensation from the Pope. That is the religious aspect. But the fact of her having been a nun would be no bar to her marriage according to English law. We are all entitled to break our resolutions, especially when they pledge us to single wretchedness.

"Fairplay" (Harrogate) assures us, in hysterical terms, that "The Rev. W. Younger is as good as you any day." We congratulate our clerical friend upon his champion, who concludes by inviting us to "Dry up, and don't make such a gander of yourself." We fancy Harrogate air must be too strong for the mentally deficient.

"Gunner" (Cork Harbour)—noticing a complaint regarding the payment of 25s. a week for 54 hours' work—asks how our correspondent would like his job—six hours on telephone and twelve off, out of that twelve at least three being occupied in acting as Sergeant-Major's clerk—making about nine on and nine off continuously day and night. For that "Gunner" is paid 7s. a week.

N. U. L.—Sorry we cannot arrange to send parcels of our "comforts" to prisoners of war in Germany. As a matter of fact, the military authorities there would probably not allow them to be received. For information as to what goods can be forwarded, and the best method of transit, you should write to the Foreign Office.

"Cockney."—You disgrace your *nom de plume* by writing an anonymous and cowardly post-card.

"Troubled Wife."—Your best plan would be to write to *Everywoman's Weekly*, the new paper about which everybody is talking.

J. J. Berriman (Haulbowline).—The first Victoria Cross fell to a naval doctor, therefore could not have been gained by a Lancer. For the Crimea and Baltic (1854-6), 111 crosses were granted, and for the Mutiny (1857-9), 182.

W. S. (Shrewsbury).—We can only get the information you require from the Local Government Board. We wrote to them a fortnight ago and had our letter acknowledged, but have heard nothing since. One day we shall have a Business Government.

"Jack" (Sheerness).—You were a wise guy to have nothing to do with the artful gentleman of Golder's Green, who offered to introduce you into a vacancy with a large wholesale jewellers, in consideration of receiving 4 guineas for his secret services. The chances are he inserted the advertisement in the newspaper, to which you replied, as a decoy. Let us see the letter he wrote you.

A. J. W. (London, N.).—"Name and address of the company which has introduced a machine for cutting and buttering bread"? We are ready to learn. The device would not be of much use in Germany, from all accounts.

S. S. H. (London, W.).—The police should be empowered to insist that all horses compelled to stand in the streets on a cold day must have a loin cloth. Nothing is more fruitful of sickness amongst tradesmen's horses than the neglect of that precaution.

W. J. M. (Llanhilleth).—The British Expeditionary Force may have arrived in France a little too late for the French, but they got there a darned sight too soon for the Germans, anyway.

E. J. M. Bullite" (Kilmarnock).—"How can a straight sword be put in a curved scabbard?" By bending the sword or straightening the scabbard. And the *next* thing, please?

"Aeroplane" (B. E. F.).—If your friend could not be convinced that the aeroplane can travel faster than any Zeppelin, he must have a brain like a walnut. Let him wallow in his ignorance.

J. B. (Chelmsford).—"You don't know much about modern history." Well, you see, we don't live at Chelmsford, so what can you expect?

"Beta" (Brixton).—So you think a good deal of cheating goes on at Public Whist Drives. You explain how it might be done; but can you prove that it *is* done? For example, have you ever yourself—er—Pleasant weather, isn't it?

A. G. (Wigan).—The Sanatogen Company, on their own admission, remains a German concern until after the war, and we can quite understand your objection to purchasing their products until that time.

A. M. (Causewayside).—"I was about 6 weeks going about before I passed to my Death Bed." You are lucky to have got up again. How did you do it?

A. M. (Tarleton).—Our reply to "F. H." (Quebec) was written and set up in type before the revised rates for newspaper postage to Canada came into operation. As you say, newspapers (regis ered at the G.P.O.) may now be sent, under 2 ozs. ½d.; 6 ozs., 1d.; 1½ lb., 1½d.; increasing 1d. per lb. up to under 5 lbs., 5d. So John Bull may now be sent for ½d. to Canadian readers—*when we don't weigh more than* 2 *ozs.*

"David" (Newport).—If the man you made a bet with *before* the war, refuses to pay up *because* of the war, you have no remedy. Grin and bear it. You've lost nothing, anyway.

S. H. G. M. (S. Tottenham).—"A soldier, while fighting at Ypres, was shot in the back by some snipers," etc. Could no have been a British soldier to get shot that way.

"Reader" (Rhondda).—Only with kindness are you likely to rescue your daughter, who, you say, has "turned out badly, staying out all hours of night with men." Storm and threaten, and you are likely to make matters worse.

H. G. (Portsmouth).—We consider your sympathy absurdly misplaced. A drunken sailor who commits an utterly unprovoked assault upon a passing young lady by punching her in the jaw and knocking her down, deserves exemplary punishment, and there are few men in the Fleet who will not agree with us.

F. G. (Catford).—Would there be any harm done by your sending John Bull every week to your brother in the U.S.A.? On the contrary, there might be great harm done if you don't.

A. A. (Southport) tells us that the wool she and several others are purchasing for knitting articles for the boys in the trenches averages a little over 14 ozs. to the lb. We will weigh our wool in future.

"Shellback" (s.s. *Mount Temple*) has dropped a bomb on us. Says he: "Who is this John Bull, what is he, Is he a J.P., Magistrate, or a Judge?" Try again.

"A Reader."—Don't worry. You are doing your bit without joining the Navy. And perhaps it is better for the Navy.

B. T. (Farndon), referring to the cartoon in our issue of January 23rd, inquires if we can see where our artist has sketched the "impossible," and offers to point it out to us. Is it possible to see the impossible?

S. B. (Porthill).—If, as you say, the Sunday edition of the paper in question contains the same news only as the Saturday edition, why buy it?

"Physics and Phacts" (Farndon) seeks to enlighten us—for which we thank him—as to the "real causes" of Dr. Hayward's resignation from his position as prospective Liberal candidate for the Eddisbury Division of Cheshire, for which wise action at this time of political truce we recorded our congratulations by Open Letter in our issue of January 23rd. He tells us almost as much as we knew.

F. H. C. (Essex).—By devoting your best energies to the Government work in which you are engaged, you may feel perfectly satisfied that you are doing your bit equally with the men in the trenches. If you read Lord Kitchener's recent speech, you will have gathered therefrom why it is not desirable for you to enlist.

Miss G. E. L. (Southport).—We note that promiscuous street flirtation is not the "*real thing*." What do *you* know about the "real thing," Miss? Naughty girl!

"Jaggythisale." (N.B.) inquires what we meant by "a warm welcome awaits the visitors." He confesses to being in a "haze" and hopes he doesn't look so foolish as he feels. We think it highly probable.

H. G. G. (Clacton-on-Sea).—You produce no evidence to prove that in the first place the loser of the ring offered £20 reward for its recovery. We have only your word for it. Not that we doubt it. Still, that's all we've got.

A. W. W.—Thanks for letter. Yes, we are continually receiving congratulatory epistles for our work on behalf of the Transport Service.

G. W. W. (Cape Town).—Fail to see why the troops in German (late) S.W. Africa should not be granted free postage to England the same as are the boys in Flanders. Who is to blame—Hobhouse (dear old thing!) or the South African authorities?

Jack Thomas (Swansea).—Will you send your address to Flo (Carmarthen)? We don't know what she wants it for, so take no responsibility for the consequences.

"A Shipwright" (Woolston).—Knowing that you are doing your duty to King and Country, the sneers of the ignorant when you are seen in the streets should not worry you, badge or no badge.

(A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

"Bullets" prizes value £1,200 to be won this week.

Soldiers and Sailors need Handkerchiefs!

Give them

EXCELDA

HANDKERCHIEFS.

A genuine, durable and satisfactory article, soft and ready for use.

UNION JACK and KHAKI STYLES, as well as many other attractive designs.

Sold everywhere at 6½d. each.

Be sure you get **EXCELDA.**

Steele's Ad. Serv.

Striking Testimony

To Value of Hall's Wine

This letter is typical of thousands on our files.

'INFLUENZA followed by Pleurisy and internal trouble left me weak and depressed. The doctor ordered me Hall's Wine. I suggested another tonic, but he said Hall's Wine contained the properties that would cure me. To my surprise, I felt better after only one dose. After a week, friends remarked "you are just like your old self again."

'A tonic that will lift depression from one's mind like this deserves recommendation, and I heartily commend it to all who need toning up.' **(From a Y.M.C.A. Secretary.)**

The Great Builder-up!

Hall's Wine has no equal for warding off Influenza, Coughs, and Colds, and renewing health and fitness after illness.

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME RESTORATIVE

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If, after taking half, you feel no benefit, return us the half-empty bottle within 14 days, and we will refund your outlay.

3/6 and 2/- Everywhere.

Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd., London.

351

Kidney Disease Cured at 82

BY DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS, THE ALL-BRITISH REMEDY.

Mr. de Grey, Birmingham.

Mr. de Grey, an old gentleman (82), of 2, Clifton Terrace, Queen Street, Sparkbrook, Birmingham, says: "A few years ago, I began to have a gnawing pain across my back. At all times this pain was with me, but it became sharp as knife thrusts when I had to straighten up from a sitting or stooping position. I was told it was kidney trouble, but nothing I tried did any good. Then my bladder became affected, and then came the keen agony of gall stones. Operation was advised, but as a last resort I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and almost from the first they relieved me. Now I am cured and in splendid health.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are a genuine and tested remedy for all forms of nerve or bodily weakness in old or young. They are composed of harmless ingredients which have an invigorating effect on all the nerve centres, and are the surest remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Neurasthenia	Kidney Disease	Wasting Diseases
Nerve Paralysis	Nervous Debility	Indigestion	Palpitation
Spinal Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Stomach Disorder	Loss of Flesh
Infantile Paralysis	Anæmia	Mal-Nutrition	Old-Age Weakness

And are especially valuable for nursing Mothers and the Critical Periods of Life.

All chemists and stores in all parts of the world sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 10½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d.—the 2s. 9d. size being the most economical.

FREE TRIAL SUPPLY sent on receipt of name and address and 2 penny stamps for postage and packing. Apply Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box T.51), Chester Rd., Manchester.

ASK FOR

"JOHN BULL SAFETY MATCHES"

Made at

"ENGLAND'S GLORY"

Match Works, Gloucester.

OF ALL GROCERS, OILMEN, &c.

FINAL COUPON THIS WEEK. ENTER NOW.

£1,500
FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

£250
IF ONE ERROR ONLY.

£100
FOR NEXT BEST.

The second and final coupon in this great Free Football Skill Contest appears this week. Now is your chance of earning cash by your knowledge of football form. Fill in the coupon at once—you can send as many entries as you like. The matches selected are to be played Saturday April 10th—the contest closes the previous day—Friday, April 9th. £1,500 will be paid to the sender of an all-correct forecast; £250 if one error only, whilst £100 must be won.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

is to forecast the results of the League games, to be played on Saturday, April 10th, given on the entrance form on page 2 of our cover. Note the special method of marking your forecasts, as explained on the coupon.

£1,500 FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

The sum of £1,500 will be paid to the competitor sending in an entrance form containing correct forecasts of all the matches given, played to a finish.

Should no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, £250 will be paid to the competitor whose coupon shows ONE ERROR ONLY. In the unlikely event of neither the £1,500 nor the £250 being won, we shall in any event pay the cash prize of £100 to the sender of the most correct forecasts, even if only 8 or 10.

The competition is one of pure skill and a test of knowledge of football form.

Our elaborate checking arrangements and our special method of marking the coupon safeguard the interests of competitors in every way. The risk of a coupon being overlooked is totally eliminated. Scottish readers may participate in these contests.

COUPON
and Rules on
PAGE 2 of COVER.

YOU CAN SEND AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU LIKE.

Address "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelope "Football Contest No. 20."

The Contest closes Friday, April 9th.

NOW IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY. FINAL COUPON. CLOSING DATE, FRIDAY, APRIL 9th.

Printer's Pie.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Should more than one competitor call attention to the same slip, the amount will be forwarded to the sender of the first letter opened. In the case of newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be forwarded to identify the name of the journal and date of issue. Envelopes to be marked "Pie" in the left-hand top corner.)

MANCHESTER THEATRE ROYAL PROGRAMME (advertisement):—

"This Electric Vacuum Cleaner . . . . is so easy to use that a child of five can operate WITHOUT EFFECT."

"OUR GIRLS":—

"She had now been able to have another glance . . . and there was no mistaking that BROAD-SHOULDERED, clean-cut FACE."

"NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH":—

"The damage is expected to reach several thousand pounds. Between three and four hundred workpeople will be thrown out of UNEMPLOYMENT."

"FOOTBALL ARGUS":—

"The aeroplane was fired upon by an Admiralty patrol BOAT, whereupon it made off quickly and disappeared."

"SPORTS LIBRARY":—

"He was an ONLY CHILD. From his cradle he had been absolutely spoiled . . . by his parents, his SISTERS, his cousins and his aunts."

"PEOPLE'S JOURNAL" (Fife edition):—

"Mr. ———, who has retired from the post of Secretary to the Viewfield Baptist Church, has been PROSECUTED by the members with a silver afternoon tea service."

Bull's Eyes.

JOHN BULL'S EASTER EGGS:—

To the Sultan—A "skipping" rope.
To Lloyd George—Unlimited "credit."
To Eye-Witness—Some bigger "spectacles."
To von Hindenburg—An "Iron"-Cross bun.
To the Wolff Bureau—A "sheepish" look.
To Lord Kitchener—"Arms and the *Men*."
To our lads at the Front—Eggs minus "shells."
To Sir John French—A "bust" of the Kaiser.
To Tommy's dependents—Some "ready" sympathy.
To the Government—A Business system to assist 'em.
To the German Army—Something soft to "fall back" on.
To the Russian Army—A still more "pronounced" success.

* * *

The umbrella skirt is the latest feminine fashion. Showers will now be eagerly awaited.

* * *

Strauss has written a march for the Kaiser. Mr. Tommy Atkins is also arranging another—a quick one.

* * *

Laundry work is likely to cost 10 per cent. more. Evidently the prices are to be stiffer than the shirts.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 18.

One competitor sent a coupon showing only four errors, and receives the Consolation Prize of £5, namely:—

Mr. T. BENNETT ROBERTS, 67, Clifton Street, Old Trafford, Manchester.

Two competitors sent Mauve coupons showing five errors. They divide the £20 prize, each receiving £10, their names and addresses being:—

Mrs. J. B. FORRESTER, Butt Lane, Talke, Staffordshire.
M. MORGAN, 10, King Square, Llanelly.

Reader wins £500 "Bullets" prize. See page iii. of cover.

FARROW'S BANK LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Acts

AUTHORISED CAPITAL £1,000 000
SHARES ISSUED - - 700.000
SHAREHOLDERS - - 4,000

Chairman and Managing Director,
MR. THOMAS FARROW.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOINT-STOCK BANKING TRANSACTED.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS.—Accounts are opened and interest allowed where approved credit balances are maintained.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS.—Interest allowed according to notice of withdrawal.

STOCKS and SHARES.—The Bank transacts the purchase and sales of Stocks, Shares and Securities for its customers and the public generally.

Call or write for Special Booklet.

Head Office:
1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.
72 Branches throughout the United Kingdom.

A. E. & CO.

PILES CURED By Taking PYLITNA

Hæmorrhoids or Piles are occasioned by the disordered functions of the system; the application of external remedies may alleviate but cannot remove the cause, and patients are often told that a surgical operation is the only cure.

A Doctor writes: "'Pylitna' *Powders are the best remedy I have hitherto seen; they have cured very bad and chronic cases.*"

A Chemist says:—"*I suffered from Piles for 15 years in an acute form, and was cured by* 'Pylitna' *Powders.*" *A Gentleman who was advised by two Doctors and a Specialist to have an operation was cured by* "Pylitna" *Powders.*

These powders are **taken in a little warm milk or water** and are quite harmless. Of all Chemists at **2/9**, or from the **Proprietors**, "**Pylitna**" **3, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON.**

GOT A GRAMOPHONE ?

With our "Library" system of exchange you may obtain a selection **at your choice** from over 10,000 of
THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECT RECORDS AT LESS THAN 2d. EACH.
Sent to any part of the world. Particulars are free, and a VALUABLE BOOK will also be sent free to Gramophone owners if this paper is mentioned. **Write to-day to—**
LEXICON WORKS, Station Approach, WEALDSTONE.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. Furniture—Bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home in **Perfectly New Condition.** Send Postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow **Discount for Cash** or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Established 26 years.
CHARLES RILEY (Desk 20), MOOR STREET, BIRMINGHAM.
(Please mention "John Bull" when writing for lists.)

TO SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT.

Have you a dog, or other pet, which you want cared for, and—perhaps—ultimately sent home for you? The R.S.P.C.A. will do this for you (including quarantine expenses in England) **free of charge.**

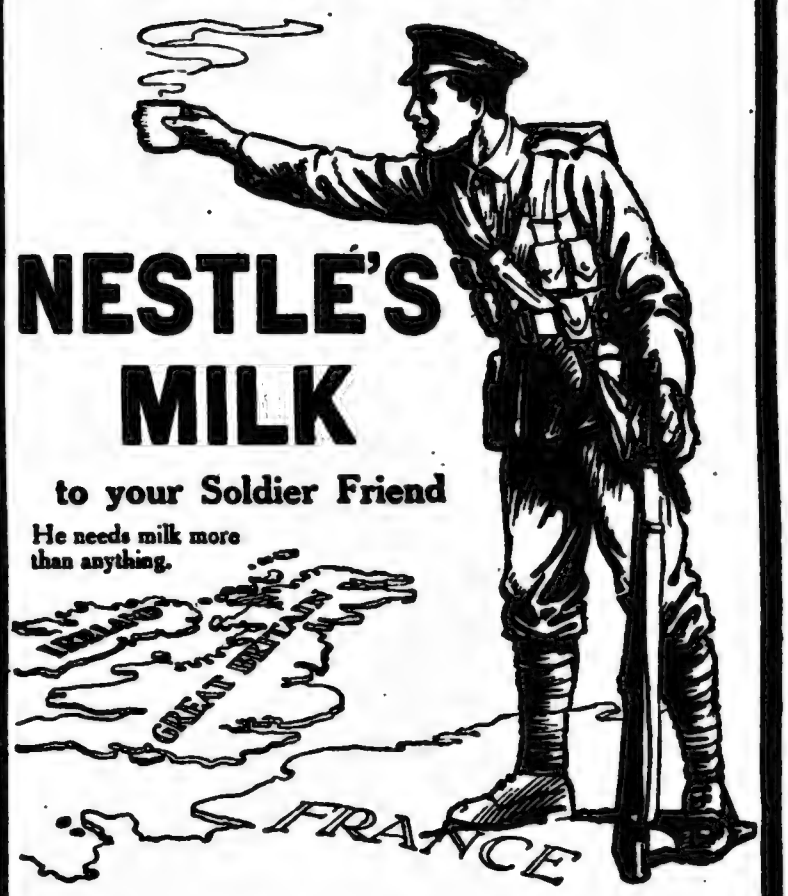
Send your animal to Mons. Fontaine, 35, Rue des Vieillards, Boulogne-sur-Mer, asking him to place it in the Dogs' Refuge, and write to the Secretary, R.S.P.C.A., 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.

By Appointment

THE CALL TO BRITAIN

I'm doing *my* bit, save me from milkless tea.

Send some tins of



NESTLÉ'S MILK

to your Soldier Friend

He needs milk more than anything.

"Milk is our greatest luxury."—Soldier's letter.

If you want to save our soldiers from Milkless Tea, write us, with your Grocer's name and address, for a subscription card for Tins of Nestlé's Milk — Nestlé a. B.E.F. Dept., 6 Eastcheap, London, E.C.

GRAVES

WORLD'S BEST CYCLES contain every recent perfection and improvement, and each component is supplied by a maker whose speciality is universally recognised as being of unrivalled excellence. We deliver the Graves cycle carriage paid to approved orders for **10/-** NOW. Balance in small monthly payments if satisfied. Money back if disappointed. **Reynold's Tubing, Clincher or Dunlop Tyres, Sturmey-Archer or B.S.A. Three-Speed Gear, Hans Renold Chain, Brooks Saddle, etc. Guaranteed Ten Years. Write for Catalogue.** Models for Ladies and Gentlemen from £4 : 0 on Easy Terms. H. GRAVES, Ltd., SHEFFIELD. **10/-** NOW.

NOW IS THE TIME TO LEARN MOTORING.

Increasing demand for Motor Drivers at the front and at home for Commercial, Public and Private Service. POPULAR COURSE within reach of all. Training unlimited without extra charge until satisfied. No charge for Licensed Employment Agency and B.S.M. Official Certificate.

Officially investigated and approved by JOHN BULL.
Call or send postcard for illustrated prospectus (J.B.).
THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD.,
5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.

Double Your Garden Profits.

Simply send a postcard to-day for an absolutely FREE Copy of our 164-page Illustrated "GUID TO GARDEN WISDOM AND GUARANTEED SEEDS." Chockful of accurate pictures and indispensable information. No obligation to buy anything. Write to-day—to-morrow may not do as well.

TOOGOOD & SONS The Kin··'s Seedsmen SOUTHAMPTON.

Important Racing Announcement.

ENGAGEMENT OF FAMOUS TURF PROPHET AND CORRESPONDENT.

This week we have an important announcement to make, and one which will be of great interest to our sporting readers. Hitherto we have not devoted much attention to Racing, but now that the regular season has commenced we have decided to respond to the general desire that we should, with our unique facilities for knowing what is going on in the racing world, devote more attention than hitherto to what is rightly regarded as "the Sport of Kings." And we have pleasure in announcing that we have secured the services of one of the most famous Turf prophets in the country—one who, under a popular "nom de plume," established a marvellous record a few years ago in connection with a well-known evening paper, GIVING EVERY WINNER ON THE CARD UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS, ***and being alone in his selections of the winners of some of our most important handicaps. In future, therefore, our Sporting Notes will be written by this famous expert—who will also, as will be gathered below, send special and exclusive advice by telegram and post. In this capacity he will adopt the new "nom de plume" of*** THE SQUIRE.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

On Wednesday, the running of HAREBELL at Lincoln points to her having a big chance in the Bottesford Welter. CLEVER DICK must be backed for the Durham Plate. Of the probable runners for the Bellesden Handicap I like CANDYTUFT best, but he is very unreliable.

On Thursday, the big Selling Handicap looks made for ST. MELRUAN, whilst another in the same ownership, MENLO, may be good enough to take the Wigston Handicap. They are a bad lot in the Moderate Handicap, and in this company TURNABOUT looks to have an easy task.

At Plumpton, on Saturday, the money will be the best guide, and those who follow that on this course seldom go far wrong.

THE SQUIRE'S WIRES AND LETTERS.

As this journal goes to press several days before the date of issue, it is impossible to give readers the benefit of the latest news relating to Turf business, especially in these times when most of the cleverest coups are brought off at the eleventh hour. For instance, THE SQUIRE *was able last week to wire to all his clients on the morning of the Lincolnshire Handicap:—*

"THE LATEST BUSINESS POINTS TO VIEW LAW AND LORD ANNANDALE"—*just as in connection with the Grand National he wired on Friday morning, as follows:—*

"*Balscadden will win if he stands up, but it is better to trust safe jumpers who have got the course like* ALLY SLOPER, JACOBUS *and* IRISH MAIL."

So much for special wires. There is, however, another aspect of racing business, the importance of which cannot be overlooked from the speculative point of view, and that is early advice of prospective coups. Thus, writing to his clients on March 17th, THE SQUIRE said:

> "*Everything points to a projected coup with View Law for the Lincoln. Lord Annandale, on his Goodwood form—and his subsequent running may, in my opinion, be ignored—is also a good tip—whilst Polycrates and Jarnac II. are also intended. As regards the last-mentioned, however, I think Epsom will be found to be his course.*"

Throughout the present season, THE SQUIRE *will send Special Wires and Letters on the following terms:—*

(1) *Daily Wire, £1 per week.*
(2) *Special Late Daily Wire, £2 per week.*
(3) *Club "Job" Wires, £1 each (minimum subscription, 5 Wires).*
(4) *Special "Big Race" Wires, £1 each.*
(5) *Weekly Letter indicating prospective market movements, owners' intentions, probable runners, non-starters and other exclusive information, 5s.*

Readers desirous of availing themselves of the above facilities should write, stating exact requirements, and enclosing remittance accordingly, to THE SQUIRE, *c.o.* "JOHN BULL," 93, *Long Acre, London, W.C.*

ROYAL BUCKS HUSSARS.

RECRUITS! RECRUITS! RECRUITS! WANTED.

This regiment is commanded by Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. W. LAWSON, D.S.O., and is now undergoing a course of training at Buckingham.

The men are in comfortable billets, are well looked after, and well trained by a highly efficient staff of N.C.O's from the Scots Guards, while the riding is under the special care of cavalry N.C.O's.

Army pay and allowances. There are still vacancies. All good men accepted.—Apply, Major L. de ROTHSCHILD, M.P., New Court, St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C.

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

A Well-known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Grey Hair and Promoted Its Growth With a Simple Home-made Mixture.

Miss Blanche Rose, a well-known actress, who darkened her grey hair with a simple preparation which she mixed at home, in a recent interview made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their grey hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half-pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and ½ oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemists at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the required shade. This will make a grey-haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of hair, relieves itching and scalp humours, and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."

"**JOHN BULL**" says: "**THE RACING STUD** runs straight." **LAST YEAR** "**THE RACING STUD SPECIAL**" **GAVE OUTRAM**, 25—1, won Lincoln H., **TRIANON**, 100—8, 2nd G. Nat., **CHINA COCK**, 5—1, won L'pool Cup, **BOSS**, 6—1, won Batthyany P., **WRACK**, 4—1, won Newbury Sp Cup, **CHINA COCK**, 4—1, won Queen's Prize, **ANNEOY**, 100—8, won the "Met.," etc. "**PROOF COPIES**" were posted before racing to "**JOHN BULL**," and always are. Post early, 5s., for **NEXT MONDAY'S** "**SPECIAL**," giving **FOUR SOLD TIPS ONLY. RACES AT THEIR MERCY** More China Cocks, etc., etc. **FOUR** occasional "one horse" **£1,000 WIRE COUPS** are going **STRONG** Our **LAST FOUR** were, March 5th, **VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER**, 10—1, won, March 11th, **OCEAN BREEZE**, 20—1 (2nd), March 17th, **ULSTER**, 10—1 (won, 6 lengths), March 24th, **VIEW LAW**, 6—1 (won). Post £3 for **Our next £1,000 COUP WIRE** running next **TUESDAY** Defeat scorned WE GUARANTEE that if it does not WIN at a **BIG PRICE** we will wire to you again FREE All wires "off" by **11.30 a.m.** Don't miss it. Post **£3** early **The RACING STUD** (Estab. 1899), Turnham Green, London, W.

ALLEN'S DAILY SYSTEM WIRES

YOU CAN START WITH ONLY £3 CAPITAL! PROFITS OFTEN EXCEED £10 DAILY.

Known throughout the world as the most reliable means of beating the bookmakers Don't lose any more money.

I ASSURE YOU A WINNING SEASON

without fail. Follow my Daily System Wires and celebrated method of investment. Acknowledged by all my clients as the most wonderful method ever invented. IT HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME. There is no risk, as, should I fail in the terms of my guarantee,

I WILL RETURN YOUR MONEY IN FULL

without making any deductions for telegraphic expenses. Could I say anything fairer or offer more genuine proof?

Send for MY GREAT FREE 44-Page BOOK. It contains scores of testimonials, proofs, press opinions, past selections, and, moreover, explains HOW TO MAKE RACING PAY. Don't wait until to-morrow, you may forget.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING,

so sit down and write now. Simply write your name and address and the words "JOHN BULL" on a postcard, and the book will be sent you by return of post in a PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE.

CLIENTS AT HOME OR ABROAD. UNABLE TO ATTEND TO WIRES, CAN HAVE THE SYSTEM WORKED FOR THEM BY A COMPETENT STAFF.

C. ALLEN, 489a, OXFORD ST., LONDON. W.

Persons under 21 are respectfully requested not to apply.

THREE SUITS FOR £5 5s. 0d.

If you buy four suits a year, we can save you three of them for at least an extra twelve months' wear, *and you will look smarter the whole time.*

This is by our Subscription Service. We send for a suit or overcoat every week—52 suits a year—and renovate the cloth as well as cleaning, reshaping, and smartly pressing. A suit never lasts LESS than twice as long. The five guinea weekly subscription saves you at least three suits a year. (A suit a fortnight at £3 3s. 0d.)

Try it on one suit for only 3s. 9d.
Money Back if you are not satisfied.

We collect and deliver **FREE** 10 miles from Charing Cross. Beyond, rail or post clothes to us. We pay carriage one way.

Note our name and only address:—

BRITISH

37 to 40 Great College Street, London, N.W.

Telephone: North 2882 or 2883

WRITE FOR OUR PROSPECTUS—FREE.

Read what a 'Locomotor Attaxa' Sufferer says of "DOMIGO."

"I am still progressing and the treatment is doing splendid work. It is simply marvellous! Kindly send one bottle of medicine and one tablet of soap and oblige." (*Signed*), *B. W.*

The original of above letter may be seen at our office. A booklet containing full particulars of DOMIGO, The Wonderful Blood Purifier, will be sent FREE on application to THE DOMIGO CHEMICAL CO., Dept. J.B., 168, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C., and 40, Pritchard Street, Johannesburg. *Also manufacturers of Domigo Strengthening Food, Domigo Skin Soap, Domigo Pile Pills.*

Domigo Anæmia Pills make pure blood and beautify the complexion.

GRAVES

FOR EVERYTHING on EASY TERMS of Sheffield

Write for Suit, Costume, or Raincoat Patterns, or Catalogue of Cycles, Gramophones and Records, Furniture, Sheffield Cutlery, Boots and Shoes, Watches & Jewellery, Sewing Machines, Linoleums, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Supremacy!
Like the British Army, the Clemak has firmly established its ascendancy. It may be out-numbered, it cannot be beaten. It may be attacked by every weapon known to commercial warfare, but still it triumphs. Sheer merit! That's the secret of Clemak success.
CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-
No loose parts to worry about and no adjusting—it's simplicity itself. And so safe you can shave in a dim light—or in the dark if necessary. Cleaned in a moment—Stropped in a minute—and a blade so keen that all the science in the world can't make it keener.
Obtainable from all CUTLERS, IRONMONGERS, STORES, &c., or post free from the Clemak Razor Co., 17, Billiter Street, London, E.C.
Sole Australasian Agents—W. PLANT & Co., SYDNEY.
5/- Silver-plated Clemak Razor with stropping handle and seven Blades.
Combination Outfit: A Triple Silver-plated Razor, Twelve specially selected Blades, Patent Stropping Machine, with velvet hide strop, 10/6
BRITISH MADE

A GRAND RECORD
AND
A GREAT REPUTATION

Sportsmen who are desirous of attaining success will do well to observe that this desideratum is to be alone acquired by the application of knowledge and genuine intelligence. The success recorded by "GALE'S SPECIAL" during last season was universally appreciated, and every sportsman who scans this advertisement should take advantage of the offer we are making. Those good sportsmen who have participated in our winning information in the past pronounce it to be absolutely unbeatable, and we shall leave no stone unturned in endeavouring to preserve our popularity and success by disseminating the most accurate and exclusive information, in order to see that

"Gale's Special"

Maintains its Great Reputation.

"GALE'S SPECIAL" is undoubtedly the paper for WINNERS. Our regular patrons seldom have an unsatisfactory week, and to those sportsmen who have been discontented and discouraged by their past operations we unhesitatingly say BACK OUR JUDGMENT.

Next Monday's issue of "GALE'S SPECIAL," published at 2s. 6d., will contain the Editor's selections for the current week's racing; Hints to act upon, by "The Spotter"; From Post and Paddock, by "The Admiral"; and some interesting notes by "Centaur," and will be sent POST FREE IN PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE upon receipt of 1s. P.O. or Stamps to all readers of "JOHN BULL" enclosing this paragraph.

SOUND JUDGMENT AND RELIABLE INFORMATION are the most important factors of success in Turf speculations to-day, and our great reputation maintained for upwards of thirty years for definite and reliable intelligence, combined with straightforward and honourable business transactions with all our subscribers, is a guarantee that sportsmen may approach us with confidence. To those who invest substantially we fearlessly recommend the information we send out on

"Gale's" Primus Wire,

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL SERVICE EVER INAUGURATED.

On Friday, March 5th, "GALE'S" PRIMUS WIRE was:

The Village Schoolmaster, 10 to 1 agst, Won.

On Thursday, March 18th, "GALE'S" PRIMUS WIRE was:

Usury, 5 to 1 agst - - - Won.

On Tuesday, March 23rd, "GALE'S" PRIMUS WIRE was:

Switchback, 4 to 1 agst - - Won.

The usual price for this SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE is £25 per message, and in no circumstances whatever is more than one selection ever mentioned. Remember, ONE SELECTION ONLY. THE BEST SELECTION THAT MONEY, BRAINS, AND INFLUENCE can procure.

The next selection on this "GALE'S" PRIMUS WIRE will be sent from Leicester on Thursday, April 1st.

As a SPECIAL OFFER to "JOHN BULL" readers we will send this Special Primus Wire upon receipt of £10, instead of the usual charge of £25, but in order to be in time for Thursday's GRAND SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE Sportsmen should send TELEGRAPHIC MONEY ORDER for £10, to reach us not later than noon,

and UNLESS THE SELECTION SENT IS SUCCESSFUL WE GUARANTEE OUR NEXT PRIMUS WIRE FREE OF CHARGE.

Note that our ONLY address is:—

"GALE'S SPECIAL,"

Ruskin Buildings, BIRMINGHAM.

Telegraphic Address: "Winners, Birmingham."

"BULLETS" ALWAYS LEAD!

OUR PRIZE LIST THE BIGGEST AND BEST.

FIRST PRIZE **£300!** 2nd PRIZE £25

3000 PRIZES VALUE £1200 THIS WEEK

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	25 PRIZES OF £1	50 PRIZES OF 10/-

100 PRIZES OF 5/-

750 PRIZES OF 2/6

AND OVER

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

Bullets can only be constructed from these Examples:—

HUNGARY'S PLIGHT
IN SORE STRAITS
RUSSIAN PROGRESS
ON THE BRINK
LANDING FORCES
BOYS IN KHAKI
LOSING CAPITAL
WHEN SUBMARINES APPEAR
FOOLING FATHER
MEETING THE HUNS
THE DRILL SERGEANT
SPRING HANDICAP
TELLING THE WIFE
FEEDING TOMMY
DISHING THE KAISER
THRILLING MOMENT
A LARGE FAMILY
LODGER'S APPETITE
KICKED OFF
A HARD NUT
BORROWING HABIT
GIVE AND TAKE
FORGING AHEAD
A STRONG REMEDY
WELCOME RING
POOR SPIRIT
SPOTTING THE WINNER
SORRY SPECIMEN
PRETTY DANGEROUS
FIRST DRINK

Closing date, Thursday, April 8th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(131) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words or less than two may be used to construct a Bullet.

This Week's Bullet Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's Weekly," dated April 3rd

Closing date, Thursday, April 8th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(131) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of the above examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example "BORROWING HABIT," and take the letters "G" and "O," using the word "UPON" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet "GROWN UPON ONE." From the example "THRILLING MOMENT" the Bullet "ENCOUNTERING TIGER" can be formed. Again, if you choose the example "A STRONG REMEDY," using the letter "M" as initial for both the first and last word, you can make the Bullet, "MUZZLING FOR MOTHER-IN-LAW."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 131," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE FOUND IN OUR ISSUE DATED APRIL 24th.

RESULT OF 128TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:—

Mr. S. SECKETT,
18, Highbury Road,
Smethwick,
Staffs.

Example:—SURPRISE IN STORE.
Bullet:—NIPPER MIXES SEEDS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100.

Miss JOEY CARPENTER,
5, Blandford Road,
Bedford Park,
London, W.

Example:—END IN SIGHT.
Bullet:—DISAGREEING JURYMAN HUNGRY.

10 WAR PRIZES OF £10:

Mr. Wm. BROWN, The Lodge, Convalescent Home, Loch Road, Lanark, N.B.:
MAKING TROUBLE—THE "STOPPER OUT."

Miss ELSIE NEWLOMB, 1, Park Mansions, Fulham, S.W.:
SCENTING DANGER—REMOVING THE SHELL.

Mr. JOHN H. MALHAM, 59, Brunswick Street, Reading:
SHABBY TRICK—KEEPING OVERCOAT BUTTONED.

Mr. J. H. JONES, 15, The Square, Tonypandy, Glam.:
MORE THAN ENOUGH—HYPOCRITES WITH "MISSIONS."

Mr. C. FLOWER, 22, Edward Road, Bath Road, Bristol:
THE LION'S SHARE—RECRUITING CAMPAIGN—EDITOR.

Mr. C. H. JONES, 10, Arlington Road, West Ealing, W.:
SHABBY TRICK—STREET VOCALIST'S "KID."

Mr. HERBERT GRAHAM, Mount Pleasant, Bally Castle, Co. Antrim:
A GROWING DIFFICULTY—"CORRECTING" WIFE'S "ADDITIONS."

Mr. Jos. S. BRADY, 4, Coronation Terrace, Stockton-on-Tees:
MORE THAN ENOUGH—TYPICAL DUTCHMAN'S TROUSERS.

Mr. C. H. COX, 13, Shaftesbury Street, Newport, Mon.:
MAKING TROUBLE—THE WORKMAN'S "LOAF."

Messrs. BUTLER BROS., 40, Flower Market, Covent Garden, W.C.:
END IN SIGHT—THEATRE'S PAPER ISSUE.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

Mr. W. BRUCE, 27, London Road, Grays, Essex:
WISH I HADN'T—DISTURBED "STILL" WATERS.

Mr. G. YOUNG, (jnr.), 5, Bank Street, Teignmouth:
SCENTING DANGER—AT'S "HIGH" TIME.

HENRIETTA POWELL, c.o. Miss Dixon, 16, Ladbroke Crescent, Notting Hill, W.:
BREAD TICKETS—"SORN" WITH ANXIETY.

Mr. B. CARTHEW, 23, Mortimer Road, Willesden, N.W.:
GERMAN PRISONERS—"SELLS" THEIR "PICKLE."

Mr. HENRY STONE, 24, St. Mark's Place, Bath:
MORE THAN ENOUGH—MISSUS' LUGGAGE—TRAVELLING.

Mrs. E. BURKE, 25, Clarence Square, Cheltenham:
SHOCKING STATE—"CLEAN" FORGOT EVIDENTLY.

Mr. H. STANLEY, 60, Duncan Street, Canklow, Rotherham.
A GROWING DIFFICULTY—FARMER "UP STOCKS."

Mr. THOMAS SPEAKE, 12, Argyle Road, Upper Villiers Street, Wolverhampton:
SHOCKING STATE—AGED EMPLOYEE'S NERVES.

Mr. P. VARLEY, 43, The Chine, Winchmore Hill, N.:
A GROWING DIFFICULTY—REASONABLE DRINK LEGISLATION.

Mrs. MARTHA LOW, 41, Wyndham Street, Gelli Ystrad, S. Wales:
SCENTING DANGER—TICKET-HOLDERS ONLY ADMITTED.

25 PRIZES OF £1 EACH:

ALLAN, (Mrs.) ADA, 9, Queen's Drive, Whitley Bay:
ALFORD, C. E., Lowdham, Notts.
ALLEN, F., 211, Fairfield Road, Droylsden, Nr. Manchester
BERWICK, C. C. (Mrs.), Downham, Norfolk.
BOURCHIER, W. R., Gwalia, Lyndhurst Avenue, Mill Hill, N.W.
BUTCHER, E. E. (Miss), 49, Guildhall Street, Bury St. Edmunds.
CALVERT, E. (Miss), 43, End Cliffe Rise Road, Sheffield.
CONROY (Q.M.S.), B. 10, Elm Park Avenue, Ranelagh, Dublin.
DUREY, G., 81, Scott Ellis Gardens, St. John's Wood, N.W.
FAIRBURN, E. (Sgt. Major), 32, Hugh Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.
FERRALL, J. H., The Parsonage, Heckingham, Norwich.
HEATLEY, A. (Mrs.), 27, Swinton Street, Splott, Cardiff.
HEWSON, E., 61, Albert Royds Street, Rochdale.
KNOWLES, A., 56, Violet Street, Dattinson Road, Halifax.
LUFF, H. W., Hamleigh, The Mount, Shrewsbury.
MARTIN, J., Windsor Bakery, Belfast.
MCDONALD, J., 67, Holburn Street, Aberdeen.
PEARSON, S., Farnham Park, Bangor, Co. Down.
RAINEY, J., 11, Ormean Avenue, Belfast.
SHEAD, A. H., 39, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.
SMITH, C. (Mrs.), 10, Malvern Road, Southsea.
STODDART, J., Stanecastle, Irvine, N.B.
TAYLOR, R., 23, Pantygwydr Road, Swansea.
TWOMEY, J. (Sgt.), "A" Coy. R.A.M.C., Aldershot.
WIDDOWSON, B., 124, Sheffield Road, Birdwell, Barnsley.

100 PRIZES WINNERS OF 10s. EACH:

ADAMS, R. R., 2, Caprera Terrace, North Road, Plymouth.
ALLAN, J., Main Street, Cleland, Lanarkshire.
ANDERSON, J. (Dr.), 14, Cousin Street, Sunderland.
ASHLEY, T., Chapel House, Castle Street, Tredegar, Mon.
BADDELEY, H., 43, Clegram Road, Gloucester.
BARRETT, E., Salisbury Hotel, Boscombe.
BENSON, M., Dorn Hill, Eddleston, Peebleshire.
BERTRAM, J., 165, King's Road, Cardiff.
BRITCHER, P. W., 21, Trinity Road, Gillingham, Kent.
BROWN, G. W., 71, Briggate, Leeds.
BROWN, C. E., 9, Hanover Terrace, Whitby, Yorks.
BUDD, A. H., 2, Florence Villas, Denville, Havant, Hants.
BUTCHER, F., 88, Fornett Street, off Sutherland Rd., Sheffield.
CARVALL, C. (Pte.), Army Pay Corps, Dover.
CATCHPOLE, A., Bengeo, District Rd., Ashford, Middlesex.
CATTON, H. W., 94, Keslake Road, Kilburn, N.W.
COLE, W., 3, Richards Terrace, Trelewis, Glam.
COLEGRAVE, B. (Miss), Granville Lodge, Aboyne, N.B.
COLLETT, C. H., 28, High Street, Birmingham.
CORMACK, D. R., 15, Archibald Place, Edinburgh.
COUSENS, C. W., 7, Jessel House, Judd Street, W.C.
CROSS, ADA L., Sautford, Banbury, Oxon.
CRYSTAL, J., 32, Birley Street, Blackpool.
DAVIES, G. F. (Pte.), 4th Welsh, Penybryn, Thomas Street, Llanelli, Carmarthen.
DURCAN, U. (Rev.), Coolaney, Co. Sligo.
ELLIOTT, H., 38, Calabria Road, Highbury, N.
ELY, W., 106, Amoler Street, Castleford.
FEAST, C. E. (Cpl.), 11th Reserve Cav. Regt., Tidworth, Hants.
FOWLER, C. J., Llanhilleth, 20, Maes yn w Terrace, nr. Newport, Mon.
GANNAN, J. W., 14, Union Row, Darlington.
GOODALL, C., 33, Dollis Road, Church End, Finchley, N.W.
GORDEN, E. H. (Mrs.), 11, Bellevue Crescent, Edinburgh.
GREGORY, A. E., 51, Charlton Road, Harlesden, N.W.
HALEY, J., 304, Toftshaw Lane, Tong, Bradford.
HAWKEY, R., 12, Vicarage Road, Rugby.
HERRIES, J. S., 107, Hastings Street, Sunderland.
HEWITT, B., 73, Norfolk Road, Erdington, Birmingham.
HICKMAN (Mrs.), 10, Blackcrook Road, Netherton, Dudley.
HIGHAM, N. M., 2, Dunham Road, Altrincham.
HILROY, F. H., 7, King Street, Hereford.
HUDD, W., 4, King's Road, St. Pancras London.
HUNTER, MILDRED A., Wood Farm, Wylam-on-Tyne.
HULME, J., Rose Cottage, Lunt., nr. Crosby, Lancs.
HUTTON, G., 24, Springfield Road, East Ham, Essex.
HYDE, A., District Bank, Shotton, Chester.
IRVING, H., 48, Sheffield Road, Barnsley.
JACKSON (Mrs.), Kenyon, Swinley Lane, Wigan, Lancs.
JENKINS, E., 19, London Road, Redhill, Surrey.
JONES, G., 18, Guildford Road, Southend-on-Sea, Essex.
JONES, J. G. (Grocer), Chester Road, Shotton, nr. Chester.
LAMB, G. G., 20, Eastbourne Gardens, Whitley Bay.
LANGFORD, D., Sutton Cottage, Mordiford, Hereford.
LEY, W., 10, Devonshire Road, Stockport.
LILLIS, T., 29, Lowe Abbey Street, Dudley.
LUCAS, G. (Sgt.), Ordnance Room, N. Stamford Regt., Guernsey, C.I.
MARSH, H., 180, Wells Road, Knowle, Bristol.
MARTIN, H. J., 1, Curzon Road, Lower Himlets, Dover.
MASON, V. (Mrs.), Old Slack Hall Farm, Chapel-en-le-Frith.
MAXWELL, S., 20, Blythswood Sq., Glasgow.
MCNISH, W., 6, Crossman Street, Sherwood, Notts.
MIGHTON, P., 16, North Eastern Crescent, Leeman Road, York.
MORAN, J., 7, Douglas Terrace, Blaydon Haughs, Blaydon-on-Tyne.
MORRIS, T., Smithy Bridge, Rochdale, Lancs.
MORRIS, H., 36, Goddard Avenue, Hull.
MURDOCH, J. (Miss), 19, Stafford Street, Liverpool.
NORTON, S., Ranelagh, Monton Road, Eccles, Lancs.
OLDHAM, G., 10, South Street, Wellington, Somerset.
ORANGE, E. H., 23, High Street, Aldershot.
OWEN, T., 42, Wellbrow Road, Liverpool.
PAYNE, T., c.o. Great Northern Railway, Royal Mint Street, E.C.
PAYNE, W., 174, Ebury St., Westminster, S.W.
POLLARD, W. (Capt.), D.S.O., Badminton, Gloster.
POWELL, S. J., 7, Sussex Place, Cheltenham.
REID (Mrs.), 37, Barlow Road, Levenshulme, Manchester.
RHODES, H. S., 6, Park Terrace, Headingley, Leeds.
ROGERS, E. J. (Mrs.), Kirdford Road, Arundel.
ROSS, A., 43, St. Swithern's Road, Bournemouth.
SANDIFORD, B. H., 952, Pollokshaws Road, Glasgow.
SAUNDERS, M. F. (Mrs.), 15, Corporation Street, Mansfield, Notts.
SHIPSTONE, R. M., 126, Oakfield Road, Penge, S.E.
SMITH, A. (Mrs.), c.o. Gillies, 2, Milles Wynd, Perth Road, Dundee.
SMITH, J., 17, Grosvenor Street, Bedford.
SPIR, L. (Mrs.), 21, Camelford St., Brighton.
SPRUNT (Miss), Meethill, Perthshire.
STACK, K. (Mrs.), 67, Bissley Road, Belvedere, Kent.
STEWART, L. (Trooper), Royal North Devon Hussars, Clacton-on-Sea.
TERRY, A. V., Irrigation Farm, Canterbury.
THOMAS, M. E., Monument Corner, Staplehurst, Kent.
THOMSON, W. F., 47, High St., Galashiels.
TRENDALL, C., 17, Ambrose Street, York.
TURNER, A. L., 30, Oxberry Avenue, Fulham, S.W.
WALKER, W. R., 61, Exchange Road, West Bridgford, Notts.
WALLACE, S., 6, Clarence Road, Kew Gardens, S.W.
WATERHOUSE, A. W. H., Ferpholme, Rye, Sussex.
WATSON, E. A., 16, First Avenue, Selby Park, Birmingham.
WATTS, W., The Terns, Castlethorpe, Bucks.
WETTON, J., Staindrop, nr. Darlington.
WILLIAMS, H., 76, Platts Crescent, Amblecote, Stourbridge.
WILLIS, F. J., 98, Leigh Road E., Southend-on-Sea, Essex.
WOODHOUSE, E. C., 18, Beecheroft Road, Oxford.

Having to go to press early, in consequence of the Easter Holidays, we are unable to publish a reproduction of the winning cheque awarded to last week's First Prize Winner.

"BULLETS"
Prize List Eclipses all Others!

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 36, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed——. Competitors must write their names and address and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, April 8th.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified Judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they considered sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull" and in the "Competitors' Journal."

"I could have hugged Jack—

when he said, 'All right, we *will* go to the "Midland" for our furniture.' I love the 'Midland.' You get such a splendid *choice* there—and for beauty of design and value for money there's nothing to touch the £100,000 worth of superb furniture now on view in their Southampton Row Salons."

Money buys more at the "Midland"

Every price is plainly marked, and every price means money saved. You can easily prove that. Come and compare "Midland" Terms with what you would be charged elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same quality. You will discover that the "Midland" give you the utmost possible value for every sixpence.

Free Life and Fire Insurance

The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest. Customers can also obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against fire, free.

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth	Deposit	Weekly	Monthly
£10 ..	£0 6 0	6s.	1s. 0d.
£20 ..	0 11 6	£1 1s.	2s. 6d.
£30 ..	0 17 0	£1 16s.	4s. 0d.
£40 ..	1 5 0	£2 6s.	5s. 0d.

Larger amounts pro rata.

Fumed Oak Bureau 2ft. 2in. wide, 3ft. 6in. high, 9in. deep. Exceptional value. £1 1s. 0d.

10% Discount for Cash.

Midland

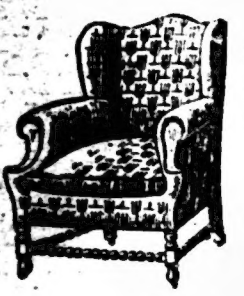
Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station,
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.



A beautifully made three-piece suite carried out on Jacobean lines, with taller frame and loose cushions. Splendidly upholstered and covered in old-world design tapestry. Finished a rich antique brown.
£9 19s. 6d.

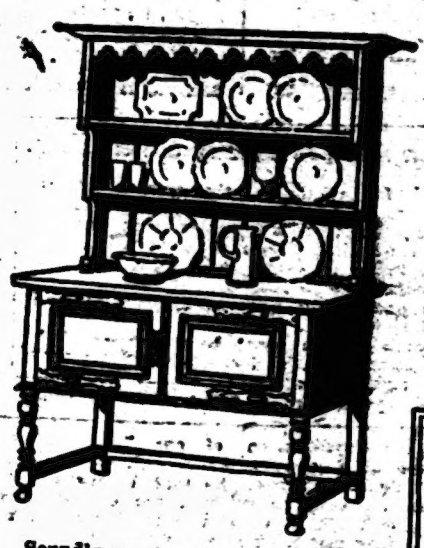
Rail Fares Paid.

Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

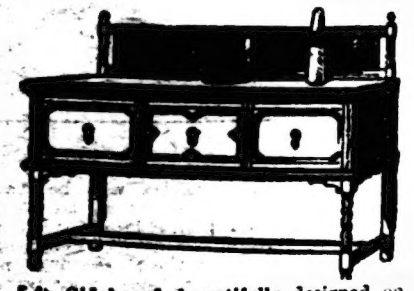
Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid.

Well-made Bedroom Suite in oak, handsomely designed, comprising a commodious Wardrobe with full-length bevelled mirror in door, Dressing Chest, with bevelled swing mirror, Washstand with marble top and tiled back complete with two rush-seated Chairs. £6 16s. 6d.



Soundly constructed Oak Dresser of quaint design, with roomy cupboard in the lower part, and oxydised hinges and fittings. Finished in any shade desired.
£3 10s. 0d.



5 ft. Sideboard, beautifully designed on Jacobean lines. The piece is exceedingly well constructed of Oak, finished a rich antique brown, and has a cane back.
£8 18s. 6d.

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture.

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons.

A postcard brings it free.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors (John Bull, Ltd.), by Odhams Limited, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Agents for the Colonies—Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc. South Africa—Central News Agency, Ltd. Also Imperial News Co., Ltd., Canada. All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. Odhams Limited (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2595.